# LIFE

# THE **ONE BOY** WHO DIED

# A WEEK'S DEAD IN VIETNAM



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Comments

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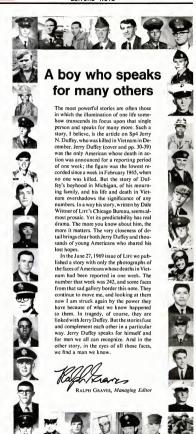
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# The Beat of Life













The ugly drama in Baton Rouge crupted like a replay from the '00s militants from out of state promising local blacks to "give you your city back." Street confrontion with a street confrontion with street confrontion with street confrontion with the confrontion with the confrontion of the confronti





# BY HUGH SIDEY

# H.H.H. again-with a vision or two

They have come into the presidential race in helicopters and galoshes, behind bands and pancake makeup. There are mayors, senators, congressmen, country boys, poets, Presidents and beautiful persons. Finally last week, near the end of the longest procession in memory, there was Hubert H. Humphrey, sentor, former pharmacist, mayor and Vice-President.

He is something rather special. Not necessarily the best man, or the one who will win, but the one who is made up of more parts of America than the others, from the old prairie dust which he an still taste to the smog of the cities he now breathes. Sounding as though he borrowed Spiro Agnew's speech writer, he joined the battle calmly (for him), pledging "reconciliation, rebuilding and rebirth."

Hubert Humphrey is a curious contradistion; and offace and figure on a familiar landtion; and offace and figure on a familiar landscape but still bouncing around there with the exuberance of an undergraduate. Humphrey exis almost an afterthought to many Americans. Yet yet he is the fillow the polls show to be the strongest challenger to Edmund Muskie if one of the private of the private of the private of the private rules Teddy Kennedy out, as many now do. One could do worse than listen to some of the Humphrey's current ideas about this nation.

The fact is that he has probed the complexities of our civilization longer and harder than most of the other men put together. Old Doc Humphrey has puttered around in his special drugstore for three decades and has an RX for every American ailment. Where most candidates offer only vague views of the future,

Humphrey's is as literal—and sentimental—as a Norman Rockwell canvas: kids, dogs, grandmothers, fire engines, trees and houses. Here's the kind of U.S. he would like to have: A nation of "villages" not only in Montana but in Brooklyn, where people live and work and have their own police, hospitals, schools, where a death is known and grieved from one town to the other, where a valedictorian is honored by all. "Decentralize!" he cries, "Give people a sense of identity," Even in the midst of bigness like New York City, develop smaller units of life. And remember that 75% of the people in this nation live on 2% of the land. Humphrey would guarantee 100% of home mortgages in underpopulated areas; give industry tax breaks to move there too; set up a national development bank from which mayors could get 40-year. low-interest loans to build schools, parks, sewage systems, so that in any corner of the country citizens could have comparable services and security, "Then," says Humphrey, "our people can have a real choice of how and where they want to live." Public buildings that aren't all boxes. "Let's use the creativeness of the American people," he says. "Let's quit thinking in terms of rectangles," Why shouldn't the government try to lead the way in imaginative design? "Federal buildings should have great works of art in them. They should be displays of the best from our society, places the people want to go to see beauty." The last time we tried to do anything like that was through the WPA in the 1930s. "Why should we wait," Humphrey asks, "for another depression to have good art and sculpture in the courthouse?"

No major intersections where people and automobiles confront each other head-on. "We should really learn to manage traffic." Whe should really learn to manage traffic." Howeld-one of the celeares. "Gravan depople should be on different levels." Humphrey has been eying the billions poured into highway construction for years. "We have a fine system of interstate highways now, but w'ee given almost no thought to what is at the end of them." He wants some of that money to go for the 'capillary system' of streets that will interface his ring mass transit is vital to that dream. "We should take the technologists who were in the sace effort and turn then loose on this."

o children having to spend a fifth or a tenth of their young lives on buses, no mothers being manacled to the steering wheels of cars for half their working days. "Time and space are the two great resources we must recover," says Humphrey. A school 50 blocks from a child is a waste, a tragedy, "I'm only a pine-board sociologist," he says, "but I believe that part of the gap between today's children and their parents relates directly to the gap between the children and their schools. Parents put the kids on the bus and say goodbye. The parents never see the schools or the teachers." Smallness again. Bring people closer, dispel remoteness, "The only time people take care of things is when they feel that they belong to them." Efficiency might be sacrificed sometimes, costs go up. Yes, says Humphrey, but now we seek quality in life. To get that quality society must remain small enough to be comprehensible. In some places it is way beyond comprehension now.

"Ombudsmen" from the White House states tioned in regional centers throughout the nation. They would be the President's ambussadors to his own ration, with direct lines to the White House, possessing higher authority than any other federal official in the area. "They could watch everything in their areas and help local officials site the time of the them." It is local officials site through federal red tape to local officials with a way.

This is the stuff of which Hubert Humphrey is made. Hot air, say his critics. But some of it makes sense, and even more of it has a strong abstract appeal when not measured out in costs or difficulties.

"We've lived on God and good luck for more than 150 years," insists Humphrey. "We've had a credit-card economy and now we are going to have to start paying the bills. It's our biggest challenge in this decade."







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new Chevelle to be the best car you ever owned.





# BOOK REVIEW

# Scrapping the model man

by PETER SCHRAG (Simon & Schuster) \$6.95

the decline of the WASP "the central factor in America's agonies with itself and the world outside"? Peter Schrag thinks so, and this glance around the contemporary culture scene is his attempt to say why. On the home front, Schrag argues, the WASP's loss of confidence and dominance means an end to the old union of American parties in shared, manipulated enthusiasm for a model man "Ultimately the WASP ethic was . . . packaged and sold to the greenhorns off the host and the rubes off the farm: plastic surgeons for nose jobs, hair straighteners, 'beauty consultants,' orthodontists, Horatio Alger novels, Dale Carnegie courses, and all the And abroad the ever-widening

And abroad the ever-widening awareness that standard-brand, while Protestant, Anglo-Sason Americanism has the slakes is intensifying time to the standard produced by the s

n several respects The Decline of the WASP is itself not free of the shakes. At one moment the author speaks cuttingly about the romantic image of the free, independent WASP American, and at the next he's lamenting the displacement of that hero by the sunny conformists of the technological age ("The historic WASP has been replaced by the plastic American"). On one page Schrag digs the emergent energies and social creativity of the newly powerful minorities and then on the next he's scoring off those very energies as crazy ("Craziness-real craziness and its marginal forms of unrestrained self-assertion -is the province of blacks and freaks and hippies")

Yet while it shuttles erratically from perspective to perspective, and is an easy mark for belleristic abuse, The Decline of the WASP has far more substance than most of those who're likely to go at it with knives. The truth is that the author has chosen to square off with a subject that's murderously complex, that demands qualities of mind and imagination closer to beromind and imagination closer to beromind and imagination closer to bero-

ic than he or most writers possess, and that's therefore understandably neglected. How are we to bring off total cultural pluralism and determined decentralization in a technological society numbering hundreds of millions of souls? Do we or don't we seek to achieve relatedness within the olural-



WASP-stinger Schrag

ism—interaction of cultural norms and standards? How and when should the latter job of work be tackled? What are the goals of the mediators between warring factions—Panths, blue-collar workers, Ivy elitists, midwestern straights? Should the aim merely be to keep the peace? Can more be attempted? What exactly would "more" consist of?

These questions surface continually in The Decline of the WASP. The author hooks them, hits them, fights them hard, brings them to the edge of consciousness in a way no number of treatises about whether Youth is Nice or Nasty (and other chic matters) can ever begin to do. The issues in cultural politics facing this country are immense and urgent, and, if luck holds, strong minds will sooner or later accept the obligation to confront them. (If luck doesn't hold, of course, more than WASPs are finished.) But strong minds need hectoring. Like all the rest of us they need to be tipped off their hobbyhorses -youth culture, "preservation of standards," revenue-sharing, what have you-and driven toward a comprehensive address to contemporary cultural crisis. The Decline of the WASP, an oblique summons to a great argument, pushes in that direction. It could be the start of a rally.

# by Benjamin DeMott

Mr. Demott's most recent book is The Culture of Possibility.



Some people do a lot of fiddling with their thermostats. That's a good way to waste gas. You'll save gas by finding your most comfortable setting-so you don't have to push the thermostat up and down. You'll save money, too, and save our country's energy supplies.

Here are a few more ways to save on gas. Have your furnace checked once a year and change the filters regularly. Don't put chests or couches in front of heat outlets. Let the sunshine in on sunny days, but close the drapes at night. Don't forget storm windows and doors. Also

you can weatherstrip, be careful about leaving doors open, and close the damper when the fireplace is not in use-so you're not heating the whole outdoors.

Currently there is a serious shortage of gas and all kinds of energy. Every little bit you can do helps.

Gas, clean energy for today and tomorrow o



## LIFE TV REVIEW

# Dark corners of TV journalism

A SURVEY OF BROADCASTING

Annually now for three years in a row, a paperback book has appeared at just about the time the networks are canceling old mistakes and concocting new ones for the "second" season. The book is called Survey of Broadcast Journalism (Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.95) and it comes along with the annual Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University awards for excellence in public affairs programming. The survey describes itself as "a critical assessment of broadcast news coverage and of the running battle between government and broadcasters." based on reports from 65 duPont-Columbia correspondents, plus information collected from over 200 radio and TV news directors across the country

Like most autopsies, the Survey has a sort of built-in psychological obsolescence. (Think of all those commission reports—Kerner, Cox, Walker, Warren, etc.—and how difficult it is today to remember which one was reporting on what.) Thus the Survey for 1970-1971 concentrates heaving on the upones aurounding the Selling of the Pentagon (CBS) and Banks and the Poor (NET). There is no mention of the censored FBI segment on The Great American Dream Machine, no any meditating on the propriety of televising the quasijudical Knapp Commission hearings. Nevertheless, the Survey is indispensable reading.

It is indispensable not least because of the tidbits of fascinating information scattered throughout its pages. How many of us were aware for instance, that a 1971 Roper poll found that 69% of its sample thought TV was fair and balanced in showing different points of view, or that 67% of a Gallup sample felt the Nixon administration was not telling them all they should know about the Indochina war, while only 38% felt that professional newsmen were not giving them the full story? Did you know that a Louis Harris poll for this magazine last summer found that network news satisfied more of its viewers than any other kind of TV programming? Eighty-two percent thought the news pretty good to excellent. Even so, the amount of TV public affairs programming declined: ABC had no "informational and news" programs at all in prime time last year: 4% of CBS's prime time was



devoted to journalism, 2% of NBC's. The only people who appear to be listening to Vice-President Agnew are the executives of the networks.

ascinating, too, is the way a conroversial TV program looks so tame in print. The Survey publishes the complete text of The Selling of the Pentagon. It isn't a nice story, but in type on a page, especially in a book, it isn't a horror story either. Certain truths are obviously more palatable in print: the TV watcher cannot digest them without getting heartburn. Banks and the Poor didn't say anything a thousand magazine articles hadn't said before, but it cleverly turned the story into a kind of anticommercial: see what these people aren't doing for you. (The most interesting part of the Banks and the Poor episode is what it implied for the future. Until there is long-term financing for public television, and budgets

that don't depend each year on the way the political hot air is blowing, the bureaucrats of public TV are going to go on voluntarily emasculating themselves.)

The Survey looks into dark corners where electronic journalism hasn't done its job. It has devastating things to say about the role of women on TV. in front of and behind the camera. It wonders whether cable TV will end up undermining network news programs or develop instead into a source of local news. It suggests some sensible guidelines for "access" to the media, as an implied Constitutional right under the First Amendment. It asks the FCC to forget about inflicting a prime-time half hour on local stations, which use the minutes mindlessly. It asks that first-rate news programs produced anywhere in the country be rerun every other where, in order that we might actually get to know each other. And it worries: news, by its nature, is critical of reality: the newsman stands in an adversary relationship to any authority, especially a government, that tries to manage the news or suppress it. If authority decides to manage the newsman instead of accommodating the criticism, then the news and reality are both in grave trouble.

by Cyclops

# LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

# Savage takeoff of a put-on

THE BOY FRIEND

First of all, there's the musical tiself. The Boy Friend, Sandy Wilson's 1953 pastiche of the most charming and addled cliche's of a vansibed era of mindless musical comedies, is a work of pure camp that was an international success long before the word "camp" meant anything but a place to send the kids.

Next there's the framing device-a ticky-tacky provincial theatrical company of the 1930s ineptly and hysterically staging the musical to almost empty houses. They're all here, the egomaniac impresario, the drunken character lady and her husband, the character man whose nomnosity is always being affronted, the ambitious chorines, the androgynous chorus boys. And there is the star with her delusions of grandeur and, suddenly, a broken leg, which brings on the plain little assistant stage manager (Twiggy, who doesn't stay plain for long) at the last moment to save the show

Finally, in the stage box, there's Mr. De Thrill, the Hollywood director, reputed to be a genius in the newfangled genre of the "All Takling, All Singing, All Dandrig" movie. Whenever the action onstage begins op our ever the action on taking begins op our every street of the second of the second granted a view of it as he would restage if for the cinema: a half-down variations on the beloved Bushy Berkely themes, among them overhead shots of girls kaleidosopically arranging and earranging themselves, dance numbers staged on enormous, turning phonograph records or in and on furniture so oversized it dwarfs the performers.

Ken Russell's film is the most comhad of the stylizations and conventions which compose the tradition (the word seems rather too grand for the subject) of the popular musical entertainment of the second quarter of this century. But if that were all there was to The Boy Friend it would have about as much interest as one of those TV film-clip trips down memory lane. It in fact has much more. There is something weird and maniacal, and therefore marvelously energizing, about the director-writer-producer's desire to encompass in a single film absolutely every cliché-right down to details of dress, design, decor, dialogue-of forms that lesser nostalgists and satirists have had at ad nauseam. At a certain point our comfortable laughter begins to die away and we begin to sense that we are being

drawn into something more intriguing, perhaps more profound, than "The Return of Entertainment" that

the film's at talks about. What Russell does, in a manner that will in no way bother those who want merely to enjoy the film on its simplest, zaniest level—and it deminently enjoyable at that level—in to transcend both the basic property he chose to adapt and his own devices for, as the trade phrase goes, "licking it." As a result what we have here is a satire not just of show-bit the contraction of the contr



For the essential point about this awful company stumbling through the play-within-the-movie is its hopelessness. These people probably should have given up long ago, and certainly ought to have that minimal self-awareness which would tell them they are too grotesque in appearance and flawed as performers to entertain the faintest hope that De Thrill-obviously on a slumming expedition -would ever give them the big break they have so long fantasized. But no, rewriting and restaging their show as they go along, engaging in an anarchic and mutually destructive struggle for his attention, they come to represent human vanity and vacuity at the silliest, saddest level. Especially when Russell forces us to consider what they lust after-places in those ridiculous Hollywood production numbers of the early '30s, which he restages with outward affection but carefully undercuts with subtle, savage parodistic touches.

Far from being an exercise in nostalgia, The Boy Frend turns out to be a sneak attack on our most fashionable form of escapism. It is an acute, duplicious, discomfiting movie whose message, finally, is that all times are tough for the people who must live through them, and glow golden only for those who survive them, or imasine them.

by Richard Schickel

In 1972 great color is no longer enough. RCA takes you behind the screen.



# **Helps rid** lungs of **excess** phlegm.

### Helps clear air passages, restore free breathing, relieve distress ... coughing and wheezing.

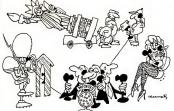
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# LIFE RADID REVIEW

# Hello, Zorita, are the Patriots there?

SPORTS HUDDLE

Broadcast journalism on sports is generally renowned for its devotion to the bland, serious and reverent. There is, however, hope for those who love sports but aren't ready to put it up there next to love of country and short hair. The hope lies in a weekly, four-hour-long sports show on radio station WEEI in Boston which is run by a trio of amateurs. Eddie Andelman is a real estate developer, Jim McCarthy an insurance executive and Mark Witkin a lawver. They have made their Sports Huddle the most popular weekend radio program in Boston, mostly by having fun with sports and sports figures. Their idea of humor is not much like that of Robert Benchley, or even Bob and Ray, but to their following they are the greatest thing since the Mary Brothers

They specialize in on-the-air phone calls. For example, the week of the Yale-Harvard football game they telephoned Leavenworth and San Quentin, to get predictions, "Have you got any Harvard or Yale alumni in the yard?" Andelman inquired. He was disappointed to find none, despite his suggestion that prison officials "check among the embezzlers." Another time they dialed Buckingham Palace to see if the queen could change a few of her guards for Boston's sagging offensive line. And during the preseason, when the New York Giants were 0-6, the hosts called the Port of New York Authority and said, "The Giants need a new play. Can you ship the Statue of Liberty to training camp?" Well, their stuff does lose a bit in translation. You really have to be listening.

Broadcast from 7 to 11 every Sunday night, Sports Huddle is devoted mostly to arguing sports and taking calls from listeners eager to discuss the latest Red Sox trade. One of the boys' most popular subjects is wrestling a "sport" with a strong following in Boston. They are grooming their own heavyweight challenger, a 270-pound ex-football player named "Bully the Pink Panther," who will wear a pink ballerina tutu. "He has a special sonic scream," says Andelman, "but unfortunately it can only be heard by giraffes." They hope to provoke a title bout for Bruno Sammartino, the deposed world champ (in the Northeast. where his title was recognized), by means of phone calls such as one to Madame Fifi's Brooklyn lingerie shop, during which they ordered Sammartino a black see-through negligee, "to fit someone 48-48-72."

A certain gaminess is considered no drawback at all to Sports Huddle. Indeed, fans relish it. The show used to be on Saturday nights, and one evening Andelman decided to find out how the football Patriots entertained themselves the night before a game in Miami. On a hunch, he decided to call Zorita's, a striptease club

"Get me Zorita!" he demanded of the person who answered the phone. To his surprise she came on the line and they chatted a few minutes. Then Andelman asked, "By the way, are any of the Patriots still there?

on Miami Beach.

"Yes, a couple of players are still around," Zorita said. "But most of the team's already left."

he czars of sport need a kick," says Andelman, seeking to explain his show's success. "We try to cut them down to size on our show. Our listeners want to have fun. They are sophisticated sports fans and they're tired of being conned by Boston's sweet-talking press."

During the baseball season Sports Huddle continually baits the "country-club Red Sox." ("This portion of the show is brought to you by the 2,000 Red Sox hosiery shops in and around Fenway Park. When you

think Red Sox, think nantyhose.") Another target is greed, among owners and athletes alike. When a local theater was featuring A Fistful of Dollars and For a Few Dollars More. Sports Huddle called the box office and asked, "Are those movies about ice hockey?

The needling got to Weston Adams Jr., the Boston Bruins' rich young president, so strongly that in a television interview one night Adams fumed, "What can these guys possibly know about running a majorleague hockey team? They're only people," Adams was right, of course -and that inexpertise is exactly the reputation that Sports Huddle wants. It advertises itself as "The Voice of the Fans," and rejects press box privileges.

The program began nearly three years ago when a local station manager overheard Andelman, McCarthy and Witkin talk sports in a bar and was impressed enough to offer them air time if they could sell their own commercials. They did, succeeded overnight, and then were hired by powerful WBZ, which broadcasts Bruin, Patriot and Celtic games. But despite their rising popularity-or because of it, since most of their laughs were at the expense of WBZ's clients -they were dropped last May. In July they signed with WEEI, a CBSowned station.

Freewheeling and inventive as the hosts are, the pace of the show still relies heavily on goofing around with listeners via the telephone.

One day Andelman spotted a newspaper story about a horse named Timely Reward, a Thoroughbred whose reach had exceeded his grasp and who had gone on to be employed. and later honored for his work by the Washington police force. He asked his listeners if they could identify "a famous name in sports who recently received a medal of honor from the Washington police force." Telephone lines to Washington were suddenly swamped with calls from Boston, but even the D.C. police department spokesman didn't know the answer. Eventually, when nobody came through with the solution, Andelman

revealed Timely Reward's identity. Then he placed a call to the police stables. "Hello, this is Sports Huddle in Boston," he said to the night watchman. "We'd like to talk to Timely Reward."

"What? Are you crazy? You can't talk to him. He's a horse!" "Just tell him," said Andelman,

"that it's Mr. Ed." by William Bruns

# You'll be there when Stanley meets Livingstone, we presume.

One of the great epics to be brought to television begins Tuesday, January 25th,

on NBC. It's a 5-part series called "The Search for the Nile."

The source of the Nile was the most challenging mystery of the Victorian Age. The river seemed to spring from nowhere, flowing in part of its course for 1000 miles without a tributary or a drop of rain.

Five men set out to discover the Nile's secret. Each hoping to carve a place for him-

self in the history books of the future.

The brilliant, moody explorer Richard Burton. Ambitious soldier-adventurer John Speke. Dr. Livingstone, the renowned missionary. American journalist Henry M. Stanley. And wealthy sportsman Samuel Baker.

BBC-TV in co-production with Time-Life Films, has re-created what they endured and their brutal competition for fame. The action was filmed, from the Royal Geographic

Society to 51/2 months in Africa.

The Nile explorers were all compulsive writers. And the actors speak many of their words, James Mason narrates.

The battles, heroism, betrayals and savagery have the mesmeric quality of fiction. But it all really happened.

# "The Search for the Nile" begins Tues., Jan. 25,7:30 pm(6:30, cst) on NBC



Kenneth Haigh as Richard Burton



John Quentin as John Speke



Catherine Schell and Norman Rossington as Samuel and Florence Baker



Michael Gough as Dr. David Livingstone



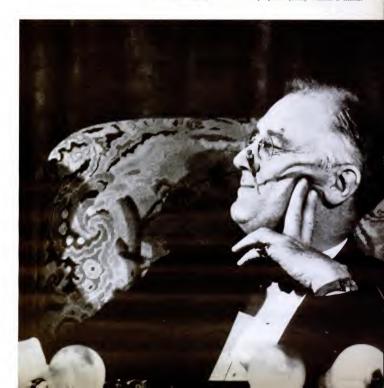
Keith Buckley as Henry Stanley



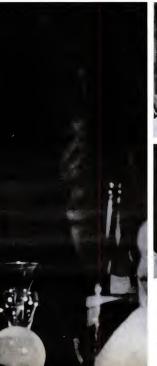
# 34 YEARS ME AGO IN



Thirty-four years ago this week Life had skiing on the cover and a story inside about the Spanish Citi War, but the issue's prize pictures were some shots by the late Thomas D. McAvoy, showing F.D.R. at his best, thoroughly enjoying himself at the Democrats' Jackson Day dinner in Washington. Roosevelt was in his second term and in trouble because of the "Roosevelt recession" of '37 and '38, but he seemed supremely unworried. Life suggest-act that these revealing pictures might "someday become rare historic documents." They did: the shot of the consumate old pro with his cigarette holder ceckly ajaunt quickly became a classic.











Portraits of an old pro at the top of his form

# 34 years ago



# New sport: women mud-wrestling

After the first women's mud-wrestling match, in Akron, Ohio, the referee indicated the victor, but neither he nor the fans were sure who it was. A wash gave the answer: Mildred Burke

# 'An engineering feat'

Strapless gowns-"no visible means of support"-were becoming popular. LIFE disclosed the secret; whalebone and "elastic at great tension (suspension-bridge principle)."



# The great impostor.

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# An airline should be big

Most airlines come in two sizes. Big and impersonal. Or small and provincial.

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rechnologically, IAP offers all the big-arrine advantages. The spacious new 747-B jets with over 15.5 billion passenger miles of experience behind them, as well as thousands of technical improvements over the earlier models. In honor of Portugal's great tradition of travel and discovery, we call our planes, 747-B Navigator Jets.

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# enough to have 747's

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### CHILDREN

Sire: It was borror I felt when I read your issue about crime in our streets his larity when I saw your pictures of the J.F.K. Center opening, and sorrow over your reports of our disappearing wildlife. My anger rose to the brim reading about the corrupt government officials in your investigative reports. None of these emotions surpassed the joy my husband and I received from each page and picture of your December 17 special issue on children. This Christmas package from LIFE will be read over and over in our family-next month, next Christmas and for many years to come.

MRS. CHARLES WINN Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs: We live in a youth-oriented, child-centered society and, frankly, I'm rather sick of all this catering to kids. We have overdone this, and you, too, to the point of nausea.

KEN GREENBERG Chicago, Ill.

Sirs: I am an 8-year-old girl and I liked "Children" very much and the picture on the front is cute. I also liked the picture of the little girl looking cross-eyed at the bug crawling up her nose.

ELEANOR M. CROWNFIELD Cedar Falls, Iowa

Sirs: That December 17 cover, wow! Could anyone remain unmoved? This is the definitive cherub. Bacchus, Pan. Adonis and all mankind, incarnate! Thank you, thank you! CAROL C. STAFFORD

Tueson, Ariz.

Sirs: I was hypnotized and enthralled with your delightful and "wicked" cover! I have had a barrel of chuckles over it. Please, what is he climbing out of? Why the "demonic" look on his sly little face? There has to be a background story on that expression

MRS. C. BROUGHTON Dixon, Calif.

At age 21/a, Sharan Faulkner liked to take aff her clathes, sit in the water traugh that was used as a birdbath in her backyard and pour water over her head. This time, her father, photographer Douglas Faulkner, caught her at it and tank the picture.—ED.

### WYETHS' CHRISTMAS

Sirs: I thought I had lost the magic of Christmas. I found it tonight ("The Wyeths' Kind of Christmas Magic"), and faces are peering out of Christmas balls for me again. Thank you, thank you, Wyeth family.

RUTH HIGGINS Hayward Calif.

### HEALTHY CHILDREN

Sirs: An issue of a magazine about children with an article entitled "A Child's Mind Is Shaped before Age Two" and another which states that "after early infancy the brain never gets another chance" shows a bias toward behaviorism which scares me out of mymind. None of the other articles does anything to counteract the burden of this point of view, and I feel a sense of outrage that the alternative to a behavioristic view of child developmenthumanistic psychology—has no place in the magazine at all. I personally consider behaviorism to be the most dangerous trend in the United States today, leading to a mechanistic, technological view of human life that will ultimately destroy us.

EDA J. LESHAN Moderator Haw Da Yaur Children Graw?

WNFT New York N Y

Portland, Oreg.

growth.

Sirs: At a time when there is so much debate nationally over the importance of the early development of children, your special issue is a real delight! Maya Pines's article on early learning and Vivian Cadden's on emotional develop-

ment are outstanding. Ross C Marre Executive Director Parry Center for Children

Sirs: Albert Rosenfeld's "What Is the Right Number of Children?" does show both sides of the coin, but it is also a classic case of an expert missing the obvious. Certainly, couples who can give enough of themselves to raise a large. happy family should do so. But must all those children be their own? By adopting children and being foster parents to underprivileged children, they can satisfy everyone's needs and at the same time help achieve zero population

They will have millions of children to choose from.

SUBHASH GARG

Toronto, Ont., Canada Sirs: Mr. Rosenfeld thinks that highly motivated parents, capable of producing sane, creative offspring, should have large families, that average parents ("as most of us are," admits Rosenfeld) should stop at one, two or three, and that people who don't really want children should have none. Well and good, if all people were honest, rational and capable of objectively evaluating their own potential fitness as parents. However, people are manifestly not rational and objective regarding procreation. If they were, we wouldn't have an overpopulation problem to beein with! MARILYN BUCHAER

Raritan Valley Chapter of ZPG Somerset, N.J.

### ADOPTED AT LAST

Sirs: To know that a family could be so unselfish and loving to an addition such as 9-year-old Donny ("A Family

of His Own") is the most beautiful Christmas story that could ever be told. DUANE GREGORY Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs: As a result of the article on Donny, this adoption office has received several calls from couples who were not previously aware that we are placing older children for adoption.

Sometimes couples are so anxious to have a child that they find it hard to believe our descriptions of the problems the youngster will be bringing with him Donny is so typical. Reading about him will be helpful.

DOROTHY M. MUSS State of Vermont Dept. of Social Welfare

### THE CHILD

Sirs: H. S. Wong's picture "Motherless Chinese baby" has haunted me since I was a little girl. Was it a boy or girl? What happened to the child MRS. RICHARD CAMERON

Washington, Pa

Montpelier, Vt.

Sirs: The photograph of the Chinese baby was taken a few minutes after the Japanese bombed South Station in Nantao. The station was still smoking when "Newsreel" Wong reached the train platform. There was no one around except the crying child, which he photographed first with the newsreel camera and then a quick shot with the Leica for a still. He realized he could not leave the child there and was just going to pick it up when some terrified people, appearing out of nowhere it seemed, ran down the platform yelling for the baby. They grabbed it (sex never determined) and disappeared into the rubble.

The next morning, Newsreel came into the China Press office where I worked (he was a stringer for Hearst) and showed me some 5x7 enlargements. 'Look at this one!" he said. It was the 'motherless" baby.

Did the baby survive? We never knew. We were surfeited with horror pictures in those days, too, and there was always something more important to do, it seemed, than worry about one baby crying at South Station. There was the morning paper to get out. But the baby is still crying.

MALCOLM ROSHOLT

Newsreel Wang is now semiretired in Taipei.-ED.

### PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIDS

Sirs: Visual literacy ("Showing and Telling in Photographs") is much more than a cute photographic hobby. It is a curricularly viable communication vehicle that can transform the educational program output of an inner-city school from a failure-oriented to a success-oriented adventure for boys and girls fortunate enough to participate in it. As the former principal of the Martin Luther King School, I can attest to the fact that the Visual Literacy program has produced educational "miracles," and they can be documented.

WILLIAM K. FLYNN Schenectady, N.Y.

### OPEN CLASSROOMS

Sirs: As the cofounder/director of an elementary/secondary school that uses an open classroom approach, I could readily identify with the anxieties Paul Trachtman discusses in "A Parent Endorses 'Classroom Chaos.'" Although most of his article dealt with academic anxieties. I feel that most parents' anxieties really focus around the child's exposure to emotional freedom. To see their children start to become mentally and physically liberated is threatening to people who have been conditioned to "control" themselves. Likewise, it is threatening to deal with a child who speaks freely in school and brings his frankness home with him. We would like to affect public and private education, but it is a monumental task to convince people that freedom doesn't equal license and that academic choice doesn't equal intellectual duliness. TOM MARINO

### inebenge School Waterford, Maine

Sirs: Planned "classroom chaos"! My God, haven't we had too much of that even without planning it? Let's love and cherish our children but not spoil them rotten with overpermissive tactics and blind puppy love. GEORGE HERBLIN

Trenton, N.I.

the hall too.

Sirs: I liked your story of the open classroom. We have one too. We have a house made out of a freezer box. We took a trip to the moon on our lisning center. We can sit on a rug in

PEGGY NEAL Grade 2, Morris School Rockville Center, N.Y.

### MAGIC

Sirs: Tom Prideaux's delightful piece on magic ("Is There a Magician in the House?") took me back to when I was 12 years old. A magician who was entertaining at a summer resort asked for a volunteer to offer "something of great value" for a demonstration. I offered my most prized possession of the moment, a ring I had just received as an award in eighth grade. As I watched with growing horror, the magician placed the ring in a shallow pan and proceeded to smash it to bits with a large hammer. While I stood there horrified, a beautiful pigeon appeared from nowhere and landed on the table in front of me. Hanging on a heavy string around its neck was my ring-intact, of course. Oh, the wonders of magic DOROTHY L. HIPPLE West Chester, Pa.

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# 'Metro' government. Twin Cities-style

Like millions of Americans, I like my Sunday drives in the country with the family. We push past the so-called "weed belt"-former croplands held by speculators-to authentic working farms with cornfields, cows and tractors. Enjoy it while you can, I tell myself. For as matters now stand, much of my favorite scenery-and yours-is doomed by the piecemeal development that is spreading outward from American cities.

It does not take geniuses to figure out graceful ways for urban regions to expand into the countryside. Several European countries have managed to save large "green belt" areas near their cities, while guiding development into wellthought-out new communities unlike the haphazard housing tracts and commercially junked-up roadsides this country has been getting. Most of our big U.S. metropolitan areas aren't organized to insure orderly development; they are organized to promote chaos

In most areas, local government is balkanized into myriad municipalities, school districts and special-purpose authorities, all going their separate ways. There's no region-wide authority telling Township A to keep developers away from its river palisades and informing Village B that it is the logical place for a new shopping center.

There is one bright exception: the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul and their suburbs. For four years the 1.9 million inhabitants of this fast-growing area have been living under a limited form of regional government, representing an ingenious compromise between the two extremes of metropolitanism. At one extreme are the impotent "councils of government," or "COG"s, that sprang up in the 1960s with federal encouragement. At the other is the outright merger of cities and suburbs into a supergovernment, as has happened in recent years in Jacksonville and Indianapolis.

In big metropolitan areas, a supergovernment can be a monstrosity that stifles local democracy. And it may not be necessary. A regional authority limited to dealing with regional matters doesn't have to reach down and usurp local functions-police, fire, sanitation and zoning-best performed by units close to the people. Instead, it reaches up for bits and pieces of "metro" pow-

er, some of which have been around for years.

In the New York area, for example, the Port Authority, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority and the Tri-State Regional Planning Commission are potential building blocks of a regional government. Right now, there's no real coordination of these agencies, yet they make decisions that determine how the environment will look to our grandchildren. In the Twin Cities such agencies have been brought together under a new entity called the Metropolitan Council.

he impetus for forming the council came not from political theorists but from a down-to-earth pollution crisis. As the region's population spilled out into vast new suburbs built without sewers during the '50s, water supplies were contaminated. Frantic mayors were soon calling for a metropolitan sewer authority. By the time the state legislature acted in 1967, a coalition of civic groups had successfully promoted the concept of a much broader agency.

Composed of 15 members appointed by the governor, the Metropolitan Council oversees a whole string of "metro" activities-among them watershed development, the Sewer Board, the Transit Commission and the Airport Commission. It doesn't actually run them, but it holds real power. It can veto any major project that conflicts with its plan for the region's future and, modest as that sounds, it could mean the difference between chaos and orderly development dur-

ing the rest of this century. For one thing, it gives the council control over the location of future trunk sewers and mass transit routes-and thus a powerful influence over the location of new industries, shopping centers and homes.

The Metropolitan Council's regional plan. called the Development Guide, is a broad-brush blueprint that lets local governments and builders work out the details of what gets built where. The guide is based on public-opinion surveys. The council's planners have learned, among other things, that people don't want a continuation of the present formless sprawl.

The council has already started to shape the region's future. It has barred a proposed airport next to a wildlife preserve, and a search for a better site is under way. Construction of a regional sewage system is in progress, and water quality is being rescued. In a low-keyed way, the council is in the process of winning modifications of state highway plans and is trying to influence the location and design of new suburban shopping centers. The council hopes for something better than the usual shopping malls; surveys indicate that the public wants real places. with apartments, offices and educational institutions as well as stores. In effect, this means a limited number of "major diversified centers" -the Development Guide calls for ten-rather than too many little centers.

Elsewhere, a plan of this sort would be sabotaged as each suburb scrambled to get for itself a center and the property tax revenues it would bring. To head off this kind of competition, the Minnesota legislature recently passed an ingenious "tax-pooling" law. In the future, 40% of the property taxes from new industrial and commercial buildings will be shared by the entire seven-county region. Thus, it won't greatly matter to Township A if a "major center" is built across the line in Village B, since it will have a fiscal "piece" of all the new centers built in the Twin Cities area

Does all this mean that the Twin Cities have licked the problem of suburban sprawl? It's too early to give a strong affirmative answer. The council certainly has enough negative power to prevent major ecological atrocities, but the next few years will tell whether it has enough positive power and leadership to make good things happen. I doubt that the council can succeed in the long run unless it is converted to a true "government," with members directly elected by the people instead of being appointed. Al Hofstede, the 31-year-old former Minneapolis alderman who serves as council chairman, agrees. "We need accountability," he says. "That's the problem of government today.

The Twin Cities experiment has begun to stir things up elsewhere. Last year the Georgia legislature created an Atlanta Regional Council embracing a five-county metropolitan area, and a hill establishing a metropolitan agency for the San Francisco Bay area passed the California assembly but died on the senate floor. In most of the U.S. the suburban explosion is still raging wildly. But now there are at least three places with a chance of bringing the explosion under control.

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# In a week's toll from Vietnam, Jerry Duffey was the only American

# THE ONE BOY WHO DIED

The wreath, the flag, the spare, explicit name marker, even the snow are a conspiracy of symbols on Jerry Duffey's grave. They seem to speak almost as much for all the 45,000 Americans who have already been killed in Vietnam as they do for the tall, lean 20-year-old whose family and friends grieve for him now in the flat farm country of southern Michigan. Still another symbol-this one just a number-compounds their sorrow and bewilderment: Jerry Duffey, who had been in Vietnam for ten months, was the one American whose death in action was reported during the last week of 1971. Thus his passing marked a new low point in the neat, chronological packaging of U.S. deaths in Vietnam. which were running as high as 400 a week four years ago. The solitariness of the death was remarked upon by President Nixon during a television interview as evidence of his administration's success in winding down the war. Yet that statistical triumph is not of much interest in Duffey's hometown of Charlotte, where a lot of people are simply wondering why Jerry is dead. And numbers, of course. are deceptive. Violence in a war can surge suddenly with a corresponding increase in casualties, including, naturally, casualties among the Vietnamese, which have remained high.

One irony of Jerry Duffey's death has to do with the pullout of American combat troops so far. When Hill 131 was mortared and attacked by Vietcong sappers with explosives, Duffey's position was undermanned and no longer lighted well enough to see the enemy infiltrators. On these pages is the story of a boy whose life mocks the statistic of his death,



SP4 JERRY N. DUFFEY Charlotte, Michigan

A boy who just joined up one morning

# by DALE WITTNER

he 'N' stood for Norman," his mother whispered, "Jerry Norman Duffey," When she tried to talk louder, tears choked her voice. "But how he hated that name." Now, for the first time, a fragile smile creased the corners of her sore-red eyes. Joyce Duffey paused, comforted for a moment, perhaps remembering a day at the old farm when Jerry's fury blacked the eye of a playmate who had learned about the initial and teased him. The smile became a little laugh and the room brightened. "He used to get so mad when they'd call him that." Across the kitchen table, Berwell Duffey, whom everyone calls Stub, looked up from the cup of cold, black coffee shaking in his hands. His lips seemed ready to move at last. But then he changed his mind, still unsure that a father's grief and memories were meant to share.

"But Jerry didn't like to fight about things that didn't matter." Debbie, 16, the second Duffey child, was talking now. "He always said it took a bigger man not to fight. Except I do remember once after I broke up with a boyfriend. Jerry went out and flattened this guy's tires and loosened a

couple of his teeth.'

"These are his baby pictures," Joyce said, picking up an album. "He was our first one and we took pictures about every time we could afford it. Then Debbic came along and Steve and Laurice and then little Anne and none of them had so many pictures. I'm glad we got these back then, because if there's anything Jerry was later on, it was camera-shy.

Jerry was photographed a great deal between enhis third and twenty-first months. "I took a lot of to send to Stub when he was in Korea. They draftto send to Stub when he was in Korea. They drafted him just after we had Jerry. I was still only I of then and Stub was 21 and 1 was so afraid when he went away. I think that's why Stub's nerves was are like they are now. They didn't really get had at little day Jerry come back from Battle Creek and told us he volunteered for the draft. Stub knows about war ..."

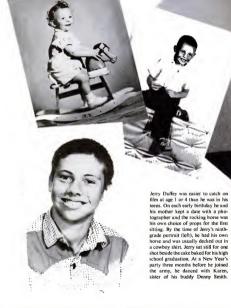
"I thought he was crazy, you want to know the damned truth," Berwell Duffey interrupted softly, still leaning back on the chair and looking down into the coffee. "He didn't tell us nothin'. Just went over there and did it one morning. Drove down with a buddy who was home on leave"

Instead of adding to the hurt, the early pictures relieved it, sparking bright and happy memories set around a Michigan farm near a town called Sunfield. It was from the farmhouse that Jerry, about 7, would sneak out in the morning to a neighbor's garden and pick yellow roses for his mother. "He never forsot yellow being my favorite color. I think he thought that was why I always bought him yellow shirts. But the yellow went so good with his brown eyes." It was to the same farm that lerry and a chum returned one afternoon with bicycle baskets full of onions and news of the exciting discovery of a wild onion patch that turned out to be a neighbor's unweeded field.

At 10 Jerry began raising chickens and selling them. He wanted a horse of his own and Stub, forced to balance his own small bank account against his son's wants, decided the boy should earn the money himself. So instead of a horse, he bought Jerry 150 chicks to raise.

"He sold them each for a dollar," Stub said, still not looking up. Then, with a grin: "You know, you didn't used to be able to come into that yard without getting sold a chicken. I don't think anybody left without one."

At 11 Jerry was galloping across plowed fields and pastures on Comanche, and his mother was left to close out the chicken business; for seven





years Comanche was a part of Jerry's life. After Stub decided to give up the failing farm and go to work in a plant, he moved his family to their present little house on Greshem Road just nine miles south of Sunfield and nearer the big town of Charlotte. A new barn was found for Comanche.

"After we moved down here, Jerry turned into a grease monkey," said Joyce. She was composed now, but her eyes were still glazed, as they have been ever since the afternoon she was called away from her job as a press operator and led to Stub, standing outside the door of the plant with two National Guardsmen. "What was that old car he bought?" she asked. Stub remembered: "He picked up an old '53 Chevy. He paid \$35 for it and just tore it all to hell tinkerin' around with the thing. It was always in pieces out there in the drive."

Maple Valley Junior and Senior High School is the big, modern product of a consolidated school district. It was a sharp change for Jerry from the one-room schoolhouse right across the noad from the farm at Sunfield, and he never quite seemed to catch up. Rather than study, he preferred to work in filling stations. In his senior year he asked school officials to set up a work-study program that would allow students to spend half a day in school and the other half at a job. When the program began, he was the first in it. But in the spring, not long before graduation, the police caught him with some beer and the school made him resume a full schedule of classes, still

## He had the graveyard watch, with the big lights out

CONTINUED

he held on, graduated proudly and took a fulltime job as spot welder on the night shift at the Fisher Body plant in Lansing.

He was still working nights in late March 1970, when his old ber-dinning buddy, John Bursley, came home on leave, proud as a peacock in his mart marine uniform and attracting all the atention accorded a 19-year-old about 10 "ship out together, John sleeping at Jerry's most nights, Jerry sharing John Simeljaht. Then, on April 1, self-ing everyone that John was going to draw some partial pay, the two drove to Battle Creek and Jerry volunteered for the draft, saying he hoped the would be in Visiam before John's sour there would be in Visiam before John's sour there

"All his friends had already gone in." Joyce said. "And he figured as long as he had the draft shead of him there wasn't much he could do, like get serious with a girl or find a really good job. He talked about going to mechanics' school up in Lansing but it didn't make sense to get started into that till he got out of the army.

"And really, there wasn't anybody hardly left around. John was in the marines. Demy Smith was in the army. Allen Towner had gone in but he was killed in Vetrama before Jerry even went. In fact, Jerry went to Allen's funeral just before helf for basic training. If you go up to the cemtery you can see Allen's grave. It's the one right next to Jerry's. Anyway, they all had gone in. John, Denny, Royal Stickles, Ray Holton. Most of them are back now. Jerry was about the

last to go."

On leave after his training, Jerry returned home for his round of strutting and admiration. But things were different than they had been for John. Jerry's first ovenesse assignment would not be Vietnam after all, but Germany, Everybody at the Idle Roll Roller Rink, a flavorite hangout, knew Jerry wished it otherwise. But Stub's nerves at least were eased by his son's orders.

His father remembers one particular letter Jerys sent from Germany. "He vrote and said they had him polishin' tanks with a toothbrush. He said they hated American GIs over there, too." Jerry was in Germany less than four months when he volunteered to increase his enlistment by a full year in return for his choice of duty. The army agreed and Jerry was home on I-ave again. This time he was on his way to Victume.

"I didn't much want him goin' over there. I'll tell you," Stub was talking again, his words now edged with anger as well as grief. "I always said we didn't have any business in that goddamned war anyhow. I wouldn't want to fight in a war without front lines."

The night before Jerry left for Vietnam there was an all-night goodbye bash at Denny Smith's "bachelor apartment," a tiny, unkempt house a little distance down the road from his parents' place. In the early dawn the kids pretended they

were too drunk to go along to Capital City Airport in Lansing and Jerry had to persuade one of his friends to drive him to his Jane. When they arrived, the whole beer-soaked gang was there. Surpries! They kided him loudly, whisperde armest luck and love in his ear and then waved goodbye to the slane.

By the time Jerry arrived in Vietnam, the headlines were telling the story of the American withdrawal. His assignment, in a small way, was to keep that going smoothly, to cover the withdrawal. With a handful of other men, Jerry was assigned to a small fortress, Hill 131, named for its height in meters. (The description of Jerry Duffey's last days in Vietnam is drawn from a report from Saigno by LITE Correspondent John Saor.)

ess a hill than an abrupt knob of rock. 131 is bulldozed flat on top, laced with concertina wire and pocked with bunkers. It overlooks the important city and military port of Quinhon, From his lofty vantage, Jerry watched American combat helicopters being loaded on ships for the return trip to the States. Six hours a day, his job was to peer through binoculars for any sign of an enemy attack on ships in the harbor, prime targets for underwater Vietcong sappers in the past. For Jerry-Duff to his friends -life was not hard. He whiled away free hours playing hearts, tossing a football around or just talking about home and the 1972 Camaro be was saving to buy when he got out. As they must in any small and isolated command, the men got along together well, Hill 131 was their home. It was comfortable and seemed secure with no more danger than a few stray sniper rounds in three

Yet the risks to Jerry were perceptibly increasing. The American pullout was being matched by a decline in security throughout Binhdinh, Quinhon's vast, VC-linfested hinterland province. When the high-intensity light, that Illiuminated approaches to Hill 13 Haldo one night, selection support units could not deliver spare parts to repair the generator. Thereafter, the lights stayed off. The observation post had even been reduced recently from 24 to 17 men and was considered understrength by the sergeant in command.

Though his rank was still-specialist fourth class. Jetry was acting sergeant. He was awaiting word on his promotion, he told his grandparents in a letter dated Dec. 6, the last one he wrote. What Jetry did nor write to anyone at home was that he had decided to extend his tour in Vietnam by six months in return for a stateside leave, starting Dec. 15, that would get him home in plenty of time for Christmas.

Neither Joyce nor Stub could have imagined that he would extend. Already his letters counted off the days, although in one letter he did tell them to be prepared for "a weird surprise about Christmas." Joyce had "a feeling that he would find a way to be here" but Stub doubted it, never considering that his son might be willing to trade a Christmas at home on Greshem Road for six months more of quiet war. Jerry Stay letter home, dated Dec. 4. didn't even hint at his plans: he may have been waiting for approval of his application. So, unaware of Jerry's planned surprise, and a box of Christmas was taken to the post office. —popcorn, homemade fudge and cookies and lots of red licories, his favorite candy.

Thirty minutes after midnight on Dec. 12-at 11:30 a.m., Dec. 11 in Charlotte, Mich .- Acting Sergeant Jerry N. Duffey pulled on his clothes. laced up his jungle boots and took his place as guard sergeant for the shift they called "the gravevard watch" on Hill 131. It was a moonless night. especially dark without the perimeter lights. Thirty-three minutes later, while Jerry was in a hootch. a devastating mortar barrage pounded the lonely garrison. Twenty VC sappers slipped through the iagged wire and systematically blew up buildings with their satchel charges. It was over in 20 minutes. The hillton was ablaze. Nine of the 17 GIs were injured and Jerry Duffey was dead-three days before he was to go home for Christmas and, as it turned out, just 19 days before Hill 131 was to be turned over to the South Vietnamese.

Survivors of the attack, all but two of them as combat-green as Jerry but in search of a vent for their rage and grief, wanted to mount a dawn combat partol to find the attackers. But the rules of engagement did not allow it. That would have made Jerry mad. "Like most of us." said 594 Gordon Hass, one of the 17 on the bill. "Duff felt, If we regging to fight the war, let's fight. If not, let's go." He felt it was unfair we had to sit there waiting to be hit without being able to hit here waiting to be hit without being able to hit

The pills Stub takes were working now and the coffee cup was steady in his hands. He talked about the awful week of uncertainty. At about 5 in the afternoon of Dec. 15, four day after Hill 131 was overrun, two National Guardsmen came to the door and asked Stub if Mrs. Duffey was at home. They would say nothing when she was not, but asked him to get in heir car. They drive 32 miles to the plant and there the guardsmen told



#### SHORT BUT SWEET

# d 4 Dec. 71

HII

How are you? Fine I hope! I'm doing pretty good. War is hell when you get to type A letter. We have a type writer in tower 1. So i thought i'd try to type a letter

I received the Box of goodies yesterday and believe they are great. Today is the nicest day we've had in quite awhile

I suppose everybody filled themselves up with turkey

Thanksgiving, did everybody show up? How is Dad feeling now? Better I hope. Wow I should'nt of ## typed this letter I have ran out of things to say. Except i sure wish i could be home for Christmas this year I hope you all have a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY\_"

NEW YEAR. Take-care & Be-Good.



To preserve the surprise he planned for his parents at Christmas, Jerry tried avoiding any suggestion in his last letter that he might be home for the holidays. But one hint that his plans were changing was the absence of his usual reference to the number of days he had left in Vietnam. After graduation from army training at Fort Knox, Jerry (at left, lower left) posed with a new friend outside their barracks. From the driver's seat of a truck in Vietnam he flashed a peace sign home to Michigan. The pup, a mongrel named Pusher, was the last in a succession of Jerry's hootch pets.









#### In his yearbook: 'Wait until Uncle Sam gets you'

CONTINUE

Contracted:

The mother and father at the same time that their son was "missing in action." (In fact, acat!) I4 hours carlier, the Protestant (hapting and Uniform had recited a memorial service for Jerzy). The protection of the

On the kitchen table were heaped more than 300 completed notes thanking people, many owhom the Duffeys do not know, for their sympathies. Beside them was Jerry's senior high school yearbook. Inscribed on the inside front cover, in awkward ballpoint on a background of

blue sky and white clouds and an American flag, were these words: Jerry—

Glad to see you made it out of school But wait until Uncle Sam gets you.

It bothered Stub. He wondered who "Rich" was. "Would he ever feel terrible if he saw that now." he said. Also on the table was Jerry's last letter, typewritten and the only letter Joyce has saved. "It's not that I didn't cherish them," she said. tears welling again. "There just didn't seem to be room to keep them and I didn't dream he might never come home."

Standing over all this: 14 yellow roses.

When they still lived on the farm, Jerry had a





A week after Jerry's funeral, the Diffeys—Stub, Anne, Steve. Joyce, Laurie and Debbie—still gathered nightly to work on the thank-you notes. There were nearly 400 of them to write. Later, at her little desk with the flag that covered her big brother's easket nearby, 3-year-old Anne confronted her brother's death. "I know what we can do, Mormmy," she said once. "We can take Jerry to mur doctor, He can fix him up."

Until they began to wilt, 14 yellow roses stood on the dining table, haunting Joyce with unanswered questions. Now the roses are being preserved by a process she hopes will make them last for years.

#### Most of his friends made it home

CONTINUED

friend named Jimmy who later moved to Lansing. In a letter Jerry mentioned that he had run into Jimmy in Vietnam. But that was the only mention of him. "He didn't even say they were in the same unit—just that he ran into him," Joyce said. Jimmy's parents read Jerry's obituary in the paper and they came to the funeral chapel, expressed and they came to the funeral chapel, expressed their sympathy and said they were worried themselves because they had not heard from Jimmy recently. A few days later they telephoned back. They finally had a letter from their son, they said, and it concerned Jerry. Could the Duffeys to Lansing? Jimmy's folks wanted the Duffeys to read the letter themselves. And there was a "presread the letter themselves. And there was a "present" for them. As Joyce remembers the letter, it said Jerry had died in Jimmy's arms after the attack. Jerry's final words, wrote Jimmy, were to ask that he send Jerry's parents 14 yellow roses. The roses were the "present." Jimmy said that he had been wounded too, but not badly.

Stub and Joyce ponder the roses and their



meaning. Why 14? Fourteen days until Christmas? Fourteen years on the farm? Fourteen months in the army? They wonder vaguely whether the roses were the well-intentioned but ficittious gesture of a friend desperate to do something meaningful. But then why yellow and why 14? Did Jimmy ever po picking roses with Jerry at Sunfield? No. They ask themselves these torturing questions silently over and again.

John Bursley was found at Camp Pendleton

and was waiting in San Francisco to escort his buddy's casket the rest of the way home and, at the very end, after tags and the tritual three voltors are the state of the state of the state of the Most of Jerry's friends were there, many of them in recently retired uniforms pulled from the backs of their closets. One young veteran said that he couldn't wen his because on his first night home he got drunk and burned it. The procession was perhaps two miles long, "probably one of the

longest processions we've had in quite a while," said Donald Leik, who was a few years ahead of Jerry in school and is now the funeral director.

About 275 people were at the service and most of them then drove the four miles to Danby Cemetry and stood in the cold rain and snow of Dec. 30 until it was all over. Jerry was buried in a government-issue gray casket. "The same as they used for Kennedy or Eisenhower—one of em," said Stub.

Jerry's buddies, mostly Vietnam veterans, still gather in a parking lot behind Charlotte's main drag to trade stories, compare cars and sometimes speak of Jerry





## LOVE but don't touch



his baby cannot be touched by human hands. Even his mother must cudid him through big rubber gloves sealed into the plastic isolation chamber he lives in (above). For her caress might contaminate and kill him. David Phillip has a rare birth defect, called combined immune deficiency, which has left him with the scant immunological defenses of a six-week-old embryo. Without a biological buffer against disease, he cannot fight the common bacteria that a normal body fends off readily. So the four-month-old baby must live, possibly for as long as two years, in the complex isolation unit, which includes

one chamber for the baby and another for food and diapers. Doctors at the Clinical Research Center of Texas Children's Hospital in Houston will be giving him carefully controlled doses of various bacteria and viruses in hopes of raising his resistance to disease to a survival level. One doctor gives him an 80% chance of making it. Meanwhile, to mentally enliven his dreary sentence, the beby's parents handle him as much as possible (below), and have decorated his chamber with pictures. So far, David Phillip, the first baby in the U.S. to be raised germ-free from the moment of birth, seems happy and well-adjusted.



## 'We have our little ways of being together'

Because his chamber is portable, David Phillip's doctors often send him home for several weeks at a time to absorb as much family life as he can. "There's something his parents can give him, even through a plastic shield, that he can't get anywhere alse." says Dr. John R. Montgomery. "Vibrations, a spark-call it what you will." Although David Phillip has never been kissed, his mother, Carol Ann, does her best to compensate. "We have our little ways of being together, plastic or no plastic," she smiles. Often she brings her baby up against the plastic and puts her cheek against his chast across the barrier, to transmit body warmth. David Phillip is her second afflicted child. The first, who was nearly overwhelmed by disease before anyone realized he had the genetic illness, died at the age of seven months, a year ago Thanksgiving. "It's hard to realize," says Carol Ann, "but we are really a very happy family, and we can put up with what we have to. Little David is loved-I know he knows that. And one of these days I'm going to put a big, wet kiss on his cheek."



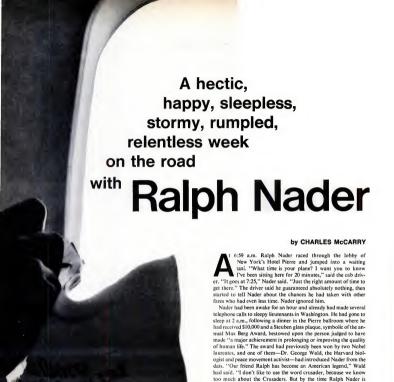


At home. David Phillip's mother feeds him (above). He is kept so bacteria-free that even his solled diapers are odorless. At left, neighbor children peer at the baby, home for the Christmas holidays. At right, David Phillip and his sister. Katherine, 3, try to reach each other.









This article is an excerpt from the book Citizen Nader by Charles McCarry, to be published in March by Saturday Review Press.

through he will have prolonged more lives and improved the qual-

No sooner is he aboard a plane than Nader begins marking stories in the stack of newspapers he always carries.

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#### Harvey Harris bought himself a place in the sun for \$15.49.

Congratulations, Harvey, And Bon Voyage! You just pulled off the vacation coup of the year. You get a lot of "suntans" for the low cost of a General Electric Sunlamp. When things get rough, Harvey heads for parts unknown (like the basement) with his GE Sunlamp Kit in tow. Everything for a\_ tan but the sand. As Harv likes to say, "Tan the man, and you comfort the soul." Put some sol in your life. Sun up with a GE Sunlamp Kit. Look for it wherever GE bulbs are sold.

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#### He could not be called a gallant customer

CONTINUED

ity of life more than all the other award winners put together. It all works because Ralph Nader asks nothing for himself. Just now he told me what his young lawyers are paid-\$4,500 a year! -and he doesn't take more than that for himself."

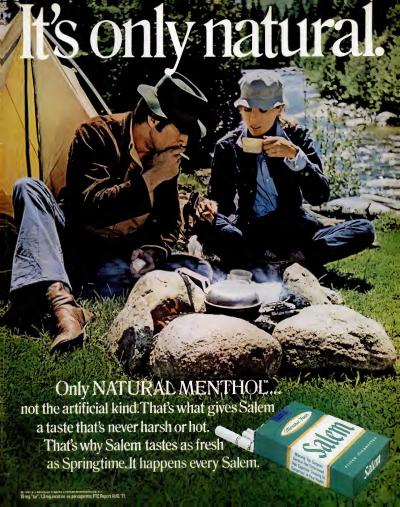
"I figured it all out," Nader said, as the taxi roared crosstown under yellow traffic lights turning red. "The drinks before the dinner were \$2 each. Then there was the food, the orchestra, the wine-everything. A minimum of \$20,000" He held up his check. "This will pay for two lawyers for a year," he said, "so that makes up for the shindig."

Nader was beginning a week of speaking engagements which would take him back and forth across the country-Cleveland, New Jersey, Minneapolis, Tulsa, Chicago, back to Ohio, out to Colorado. He was raising money, giving five or six speeches a day, rising as early as 5 a.m. after only a few hours' sleep. He travels in the rumpled suit he stands up in, carrying a small bag for clean shirts and linen. Under his arms he carries a large stack of manila envelopes. People have given him briefcases, but he turns them into files and leaves them behind. His office in Washington is a wilderness of cardboard boxes, filled with documents and books. When he leaves it, he takes some of the clutter with him in the envelopes, which he virtually never lets out of his hands. He carries them with him to the lectern when he speaks, places them on a table by his head when he sleeps, holds them in his lap in cars and airplanes. The envelopes are like the medicine bag of a Sioux: they hold secrets, they stay next to the warrior's body.

The taxi driver made it from the Pierre to La Guardia in 18 minutes, "I wish I had time to tell you how good that time was," Nader said, and loped for the gate. Aboard the plane to Cleveland, Nader accepted breakfast-an omelet and sausages. sweet rolls, acid airlines coffee and a small container of orange juice. He peeled the top off his juice, sipped it, and gave a cry of delight. "Hey, fresh orange juice!" He pieced the torn label together in an attempt to discover the identity of the company that had provided him with this unsweetened, undiluted, uncolored, absolutely natural drink, "Do you realize it would take only six months of reeducation for the people of this country to be conditioned to drink pure orange juice?" he said. He put the label in his pocket. "I may write to these people and express a citizen's appreciation. Think what they have to contend with to sell this stuff right off the tree, without sugar."

der will not swallow anything that is ground. stuffed, processed, or touched by additives. Almost everything he has fought against in the five vivid years of his fame-unsafe cars, unclean meat and poultry, unsafe levels of radiation, faulty gas pipelines, hazardous coal mines and factories-has had something to do with the protection of the human body, starting with his own, On the plane, he would not eat the sausages or drink the coffee. The stewardess, harassed and unhappy to be on a breakfast flight, brought Nader the glass of milk he had requested three separate times. Nader pointed at the sausages: "Bad stuff," he said, with a lift of the eyebrows. The stewardess gave him a brilliant smile, "Thank you, sirl" she replied, and hurried away

Nader is not a gallant customer. He stifles taxi drivers because they have nothing at all of interest to tell him. With stewardesses and waitresses he is relentless. The suspicion he feels for American food somehow transfers to those who serve it; he glowers at the sore-footed women in restaurants and at the jaunty miniskirted girls in the aisles of jet airplanes as





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#### 'My God,' said the professor, 'does he always go on like this?'

CONTINUEO

if they are, all of them, unwitting Borgias. "The only thing you should be proud to serve on this whole airplane," he said to one puzzled stewardess, "is the little bags of nuts. And you should take the salt off the nuts."

When his breakfast tray was taken away, Nader uncapped a flet-tipped pen and began to go through the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal, marking stories and settibbling file references on them. By the end of the week, his pile of envelopes expanded to include 15 or 20 newspapers, filled with valuable information to be clipped when he returned to Washington. He carried the whole bundle with him, along with the envelopes, wherever he went.

Nader was pursued throughout the week by an enwes story in which he saw no humor at all. Gore Vidal, in the issue of Etquire then on the newstands, had written that Nader ought to be, and could be, the next President of the United States. "They're using me!" Nader cried. He had never talked to Vidal, though a member of the New

Party, Marcus Raskin, had asked Nader to run as the Party's presidential candidate. Nader refused. "I'm not interested in public office," he said later. "The biggest job in this country is citizen action. Politics follows that."

Nader receives 50 invitations to speak in a typical week, and accepts about 150 a year, "I really shrink when I walk up to the podium," he confesses, but for the past year and a half he has submitted to the frenetic schedule of speechmaking in order to raise money for his activities. His speeches bring in perhaps \$200,000 a year and he keeps about \$5,000 for his own living expenses. The rest of the money-along with donations from foundations and individuals-goes to the dozen separate mechanisms he has established in Washington to deal with problems which range from the reform of corporations to the exposure of government bureaucracy to auto safety. A score of lieutenants, mostly young lawyers with scintillating academic records but little experience at the bar, work long hours for poverty-level salaries-and with a reforming zeal that rivals Nader's own. Their only asset, apart from their brains and enthusiasm, is the power to involve Nader's name. And since Nader knows that his name is his only asset, he tightly controls its use and insists that most ideas and all decisions must come from him. Therefore, when he is on the road raising funds, the work in Washington slows down.

The 150 speeches he makes each year include a few free appearances and some at a reduced rate. The free speeches and the cut-rate ones are supposed to be shorter, but he is rarely able to finish in less than an hour and 45 minutes. Like a presidential candidate. Nader has only one speech. He gives it without notes, his body arched over the lectern, his voice, which is rather thin, pitched at a conversational tone. His lips touch the microphone, like a singer's. Often he runs over two hours, and will then take half an hour or 45 minutes of questions from the audience. To some of his listeners, the length is stupefying. "My God," whispered a baffled professor at one college, "does he always go on like this?" Nader would like to go on even longer, "Someday," he says, "I'm going to say to one of these colleges: six hours without interruption, or no speech. Nader is interested in what he is saving. His leit-

water interescent with the saying, in it removes it, or course, the depredations of industry moders is, or course, the depredations of industry failing spring of starting statistics. If an ounce of water were added to chickens to increase their weight, it would cost consumers \$35 million a year: GM took in more money in 1970 than any government in the Western Hemisphere except the United States; America ranks 37th in the world in male life expectancy, 22nd in female life expectancy, the makes no concessions to the audience. There is no rhythm or structure in his speeches. He merely stands up before a packed



house and imparts information. "It's like watching somebody scatter leaflets from a balloon," said the professor.

The audience sits, absolutely silent, never appliading except when Nader mentions the Vietnam war, which is rarely, and never laughing, except when he mentions Vice President Agnew, which he has begun to do with increasing frequency, at the end of the long speech, Nader does not use any final grandiloquent phrase, or even a change in inflection, to signal that he is finished. He merely gathers up his envelopes and slouches away from the lectern. There is a moment of silence. Then, always, tumultuous applause, a standing ovation which can last for as much as five minutes. Nader stands with his back to the crowd, oblivious to the clapping and shouting.

he effect of Nader's rhetoric, which is almost always addressed to the young, seems to be akin to that produced by a light show. One week, 91 persons, picked at random after 17 of Nader's speeches, were asked if they could quote verbatim any of the hundreds of phrases they had heard. None could do so. "Man, I don't know whether you can understand this," a young gif said, "but we're here to get the feeling of this cat. I already knew whathe'd say."

In Cleveland, Nader gave four full-dress speeches to audiences of about 2,000 people in

the gymnasium of Cuyahoga Community College. Nader dislikes speaking in gymnasiums, with their cavernous spaces and their poor public address systems and their bleachers along the walls, so that most of the audience is seated sideways to the speaker. Television cameras are almost always on hand, with powerful lights shining in his eyes. His eyes are sensitive to light. He looks downward as he speaks, fiddles with the microphone, moves imaginary objects over the top of the lectern. It takes him 30 minutes or so to feel the presence of the audience, and he talks in a jerky, disconnected way until the vibrations begin to reach him through the lights. Partly it is a physical problem; he cannot see the audience until his eyes adjust to the glare of the television lights. Once he can see, he becomes more fluent and inventive. Although he always says roughly the same thing, and in the same terms, he varies phrases, and invents new ones, and remembers additional facts as he goes along. When he makes an important point, he stamps his left foot, in a large scuffled shoe, the lace broken and knotted.

In Cleveland, before he addressed his first audience of high school students, a blond dumpling of a girl wearing red, white and blue hot pants leaped from the first row and handed him a bunch of yellow wild flowers. A television man scrambled, his camera balanced on his shoulder, to record the scene. Nader, who is coldly mistrustful of females he does not know, took the flowers and stepped back, unsmiling. The girl, grinning happily, stepped close to him. Nader turned awan and mounted the stage, still holding the bouquet. He took the flowers to the lectern with him.

"I want to level with you," Nader said, "This country's in trouble and we all know it. We have a society in America that treats teen-agers as children. Everything emphasizes this juvenile nature, it's a psychological climate. Who caters to this illusion? The corporations. Hundreds of millions go into cosmetic advertising. For what? To focus on the neuroses that the ads cultivate. You've got to fight this. Don't be lulled into thinking that you can't seize power through citizenship. On the athletic field you never give up. You've got to do the same in the citizen-action arena. You shouldn't throw in the towel on the field of life itself. So what if you have these little teen-age problems? You should ignore them and concentrate on what's important. This is not the time to fool around, wasting countless hours watching television or chit-chatting. Not when the future of civilization is at stake. Don't waste your time on these ridiculous problems. You can make a whale of a difference right where you are. You have numbers, brains, and now the vote. We need your sensitivity. Special-interest groups have their team. We must field our team."

The youngsters, bused in from high schools all over Cleveland, listened in silence to Nader's



#### 'Would you autograph your book, Mr. Nader?'



For Nader's speech at Intermont College, a girls' school in Virginia, 4,000 people showed up for the 2,000 seats.

CONTINUEO

phrases, delivered in Dutch-uncle tones with pointed forefinger. He spoke of a college student who was going to swim the Cuyahoga River that day as a stunt to raise money for the Ohio Public Interest Action Group, OPIAG, the student movement being organized for Nader by one of his lieutenants, James Welch, was attempting to raise a million dollars. "The swimmer is going to wear a rubber suit." Nader said, "and he's well advised, if he doesn't want to dissolve before he sinks." The youngsters laughed for the first time. Nader told them that the Cuvahoga River, choked with industrial wastes, had been declared an official fire hazard, and had in fact burst into flames on at least one occasion. He mispronounced the name of the river several times, drawing titters from the audience. Later he said to me, "How do you pronounce that? Keea-hoga is not it, I gather." In the next three speeches, he said Ky-a-hoga.

At lunch in the faculty dining room, a woman said, "Oh, Mr. Nader, you've become the modern gadfhy!" Nader, lifting a spoonful of tomato soup, said, "15' so kay to be a gadfhy, but when you're attacking pesticides you have a conflict of interest." The lamest joke is funny when told by the most famous man in the room, and Nader's sailly produced immoderate laughter. Among friends, Nader is noted for his mordant wit, but even at his funniest, he is not very revealing of

himself: his jokes, like his passions, revolve around issues. Nader believes that levity is not becoming to a leader, and he cherishes his own aloofness. "Not many people know me very well." he once told me, with evident satisfaction.

A group of organizers for OPIAG sat down with Nader after lunch. He listened patiently to their problems, which were mainly concerned with the impossibility of raising a million dollars for a reform movement in a conservative state like Ohio. "Look, Ohio is one of the most polluted states in the Union." he said. "This state has a historic tradition that appeals to individualism, which is now being manipulated by the vested interests. This is a very symbolic work you're doing, even if it isn't 100% successful. If it can be done here, it can be done anywhere." Later, to a small audience of community leaders he said, "OPIAG will never be a bureaucracy. It will be lean and hungry. Fight for it. This country was not founded by a Silent Majority and it won't be saved by a Silent Majority.'

Nader was committed to appear on a television talk show in the afternoon, and James Lowe Jr., the station's public relations director, stayed with him all day, ferrying him around in his Lincoln and worrying about the schedule. Nader, between speeches, kept ducking into phone booths and offices to do his telephoning. Lowe, staring at his watch, spent an unhappy day pacing outside phone booths into which Nader had folded his bony frame. "This guy's telephone compulsivet" Lowe crise.

Lowe finally got Nader to the station, more or less on time. "We're ready to tape," Lowe said. "Can I use your phone first?" Nader asked. He sat down at Lowe's desk and began dialing. On the desk was a photograph of an Indian holy man plying on a bed of nails. "Do you think this is possible?" Nader asked me. I said I'd seen the trick in India. Nader was in the presence of new information. "Wait a minute." he said into the phone. "You mean," he said to me, "they really do it—it's not an illusion?" It was not until he had all the information he wanted on fakirs that he took his hand off the mouthpiece and finished his conversation.

hat evening, after a flight to Philadelphia. Nader spoke at Trenton State College. He was met at the airport by two young men and a girl in a battered car. "How long is the ride to Trenton?" Nader asked. "About 45 minutes," said the driver, "If they say 45 minutes, you know it's an hour and a half," Nader said. To save his voice, Nader refuses to converse in moving automobiles, "What they consider an hour and a half's leisurely conversation in a noisy car is equivalent to a speech," he says. This day, as usual, he buckled himself into the back seat, and with his envelopes on his lap, went to sleep, his chin on his chest, his head bouncing, oblivious to the conversations going on around him.

The drive, as Nader predicted, took almost two hours. At the college, the school librarian, a stooped, graying man, approached Nader waring an urbene smile. "I wonder if you'd just autograph the college's copy of your book, Mr. Nader," he said, "No," Nader said, and turned his back. The librarian blushed; his hands, holding the book, trembled. I said, "He never autographs anything. He has something against it." The librarian said, "I thought he'd make an exception froe—for an institution."

Nader makes no exceptions, "People ask me for autographs," he fumes, "I say to them, 'You should be doing something!" He is haunted by the conviction that his audience-vouth and the white middle class—is almost incurably frivolous. His speeches abound with references to teen-agers who spend too much on soft drinks and hot dogs, to adults who fritter away their time watching TV and playing Mah-Jongg. (Nader may be the last American who believes that Mah-Jongg is a national fad.) He himself has not read a novel since he was a teen-ager, never goes to a play, rarely goes to a party, sees two movies in a year. He is a puritan who is repelled by America's gluttonous society, "Ralph is not a consumer champion," says a perceptive friend, "he is just plain against consumption."

Nader wants the affluent to abandon sloth and rise up to cleanse the skies, the food chain, the government. Instead, they mostly applaud his solitary efforts. Nader denounces their \$5,000 automobiles as unsafe, their \$600 color TV sets as radiational menaces, their convenience foods as contaminated pap. But instead of arousing the affluent, he mostly comforts them by giving them reason to hope that they, too, have somehow been exploited by a system which has made them the most fortunate class in history. Staked by the possibility that, to the people he is trying to save, he is becoming what he most detests-an entertainer-he has developed the manners and the style of an anticelebrity, "Ralph is so afraid of being turned into a movie star, of having his private life romanticized," remarks a friend, "that he has renounced his own private life."

Nader's scheduling, which is arranged by his agent in New York, is always slightly awry, so that he is consistently late for speeches. At Tenton State, 2000 students had been waiting for an hour in the college's old auditorium. As Nader entered, a photographer with a large white beard flashed a strobe light in his face from a distance of about two feet. Nader threw his arm across his eyes. "Come on," he said, "have a little consideration." The photographer taughed. "You'll get a lot of that inside," he said, backing up and shooting more flash pictures.

Nader had already made four speeches that day on five hours' sleep, counting his nap in the car, but he showed no sign of weariness. There was no television coverage, and only two weak lights, erected by the campus film unit, shone into his



#### He grilled the waitress: 'Do you eat sugar?'

ONTINUED

eyes. The auditorium was packed, with youngsters sitting on the floor and in the aisles, boys and girls with their arms around each other.

Nader liked the audience. "Annual style changes on automobiles cots \$11.7 billion," he said.
"Men are spending over a billion dollars a year on cosmetics. Men! They've got quarterbacks on TV dabbing on perfume to show that it's virile to smell good, I don't think you people are going to put up with this, not this generation. You can act, you've shown that you can act. If students hadn't acted I believe we might now be in a war with China instead of playing Ping Pong with them." He ended, as he usually does, by reading the mailing address of his Public Interest Research Group, where students can write for information and help in forming their own P.RG.

Outside, where a light rain was falling, the bearded photographer was waiting. He serambled for position, leaping hedges and vaulting onto the hoods of cars to take his flash pictures. Nader, walking flaster, said, "That's enough. No more pictures." The photographer laughed again.

'Just a job," he said.

"You've done it, if indeed you are a press photographer." Nader replied.

"I am indeed. Associated Press. I can prove it if you like," the photographer said.

"Just go away," Nader said.

"Okay, bastard," said the photographer, with three quick bursts of strobe light.

ader decided to spend the night in Princeton. Seated in a restaurant booth there after midnight, he crose-camined the waiters as she took his order for a ham-and-cheese sandwich on whole wheat bread. "Is the ham sliced for each sandwich? Is that genuine or processed cheese?" Do you eat sugar? You do? Let me tell you something—it's aboutety useless, no food value."

A few minutes later the waitress, made timid by the cross-samination, approached Nader and said, "Sir, I'm sorry, but there's a man in the next booth who has a bet on, and he wants me to ask your name." Nader said, "lewis Smeltzer," and took another bite of his sandwich. When he finished eating, he beckoned to the bettor, a stocky man who had carefully combed black hair and was wearing a double-breasted blue blazer. "It thought you were Ralph Nader," the man said. "You're right, to don't pay off the bet," Nader said, "Nou' for it know whether to believe you," the man said with a laugh, "but here's my card." Nader looked at it and said, "Anoth or Corpo-

With an hour to kill between flights in Miami, Nader spent all but the last minute of it in a public phone booth.

#### He dreams of an America sweet with justice and human decency

ration? What does that do besides come in last?" The man said he sold mutual funds. "Believe it or not. I'm one of your admirers," he said. Nader turned his head away and called for the check; the man stumbled away in embarrassment.

That night Nader slept in a Princeton hotel with the windows wide open, and rose at 6:30 to take another plane. He stopped over in Washington for two hours to do some work at his office, then appeared at the departure gate-his arms loaded with a fresh set of manila envelopes and newspapers-one minute before his flight for Minneapolis was scheduled to take off

In Minneapolis, while a welcoming committee from St. Cloud State College-where Nader was scheduled to speak that afternoon-waited. Nader hunched over a telephone in an open-sided booth, dialing call after call. Over the public address system a voice repeated an announcement. One of the welcomers said, "I think they said there's a bomb." The announcement was repeated: there was a bomb threat and everyone was requested to leave the terminal. Nader's welcomers hung back, hesitant to interrupt him. I tapped him on the shoulder and told him about the bomb. Nader said, "Just a minute," and dialed another call. People were scurrying out of the building. Nader turned the pages of the Washington Post, marking articles with his felt-tipped pen, while waiting for his call to go through.

When he finished talking five minutes later, we walked out of the empty terminal, which is faced with enormous sheets of plate glass running from floor to ceiling. Even a very modest bomb would have turned the interior of the building into a blizzard of jagged glass spears, "That's really conspicuous inefficiency," Nader said, "hot in summer, cold in winter. Where do you suppose we got this system of perverted aesthetics?"

Outside, being interviewed by an earnest young reporter, he said, "The Democrats have got to get rid of the idea that because a couple of them have staked out claims, ecology is their exclusive issue. Everybody has got to get involved." The interviewer kept glancing up at the great glass building 50 feet away, wondering if the bomb would go off. It did not and Nader did not mention the possibility of an explosion.

Two hours later, at the state college, Nader told 5,000 students in another enormous gymnasium: "This gym could be full of radiation, of carbon monoxide and you wouldn't be able to tell. You are moving all the time through an atmosphere of silent violence. We have become biologically obsolete to detect these hazards. The law has winked, has turned its face away from this monstrous destruction."

The next day, at a lunch at the University of Tulsa in Oklahoma, Nader was approached by a young teacher. "I've done a lot of research on prison life, going around to the prisons," the teacher said, "and the prisoners are very interested in your getting involved." Nader gave him a quizzical look. "They're interested, or you're interested?" he asked, "I can't get involved in that. there are others doing it. I used to be interested, the prisons have a very interesting press. At one time I collected all their newspapers. But I'm not your man." He returned to his lunch.

Wherever Nader goes, he hits the biggest local industry with a quick left cross. A few weeks before, at a college located in the center of North Carolina's tobacco region, he had excoriated the cigarette industry. At the University of Tulsa he instantly attacked the oil industry and his audience of students roared approval.

Like a guest led into a monologue by an overcordial host. Nader spoke for more than two hours. The audience did not remain so responsive. One by one, and then in larger groups, people began to leave. By the time he finished no more than half of the original 2,000 were left in the stuffy room. A beautiful girl with long blond hair, who sat transfixed in the second row throughout the first hour, shining a smile upwards

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...almost everybody.



at the lectern, finally lost interest; the light in her had face went out, and she chearted, limping away support from her long imprisonment on a wooden chair. Made, reft facing a sea of empty chairs in the question period, answered the questions with as a much delight as it he hall were still full. To the inwitable query as to what sort of car one should buy. Nader gave anew answer with a flash of mischeft. "I'm in favor of zero automobile growth," he said. "Otherwise known as ZAG."

der kept his buoyant good humor later in the afternoon on a quick visit, just before closing hour, to the national headquarters of the United States Jaycees. He had always wanted to stop in, but never found the occasion; in 1967. Nader was voted one of the Jaycees' Ten Outstanding Young Men, and before that, he said, he had been a Jaycee in good standing for a number of years. A young official, who said that he was fast approaching the retirement age of 35 which is mandatory for Jaycees, showed Nader through the building, draped with flags and mottos and hung with the smiling photographs of former Jaycee presidents. Before he left, Nader gave his guide a slow wink and said, "I've always felt the Jaycees have all the potential in the world to do something really important in this country." The young man, in shirtsleeves under a huge flag in the foyer, was left to wonder what a wink from Ralph Nader might mean to his organization.

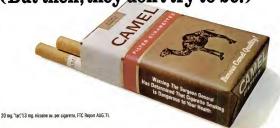
Although Nader has been working 80hour weeks for five years and is now 37, he still looks like a law student.

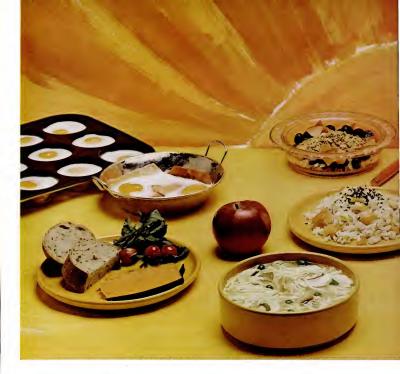
Beyond Tulsa lay more little colleges in Kansas and Illinois and Ohio-more days of movement, more afternoons of evangelism, more nights of talk. For Nader, these were the way stations to an America once again sweet with justice and human decency. Nader took his next airplane as happily as he had taken the first, four days before. "You seem a lot happier traveling than you do back in Washington," I said. Nader shrugged. "If the change is going to come, it'll come here," he said, gesturing at the windows of the plane. Under the wings of the jet, the American prairie stretched toward its distant horizon, planted with crops, dotted with cattle: the windows of farmhouses flashed enormous reflections of the setting sun. Nader did not look out, any more than he had looked down at the lovely flirting girl in the audience at Tulsa. From one of his envelopes he extracted a manuscript and began to speed-read. He chuckled and underlined a passage with his Magic Marker. Outside, beyond a gibbous moon, the stars came out over the Great Plains. Nader, flung through the sky by technology, went on reading, flipping the pages of the document with his big, deft fingers.



# Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

(But then, they don't try to be.)





## Break your fast in brave

Suriup! The alarm! At exactly this most blighted time every day, millions of groggy Americans miss a great apportunity: to get up and, for heaven's sake, fix the family a decent breakfast for ance. However, after another little snaoze everybody makes if out the door to wark and school, hair nicely combed but undernourished—the poradox of overfed America. No one knows what might happen to the nation's productivity indoex if every-what might happen to the nation's productivity indoex. if every-

one storted the day with a good breakfast instead of the nutritionally insufficient fare most of us gulp down. There are some clues: schoolchildren, investigators have found, da markedly better when they have adequate marning nourishment in their bellies. So, surprisingly, do dieters bettling against the scales. On the following pages, LIFE presents a look at breaktast oround the world, plus some recipes for use in the home.



### new ways



Here are ten nutritious and out-of-theordinary breakfasts. You might start the day simply with whole-grain bread and cheddar cheese, watercress and radishse (1), or leforer turkey, chicken or stack. Deufs sur le plat (2) are eggs barked with ham and Swiss cheese. For a crew, you can cook eggs in a muffin pon (3). If coid cereal is your thing, you can make your own (4). Nutritious can make your own (4). Nutritious leavened with yeast. For a change, combine fruit and juice: here are blueberrest, sliced peochs and melon in fresh-

squeezed OJ (6). Black beans mixed with cheese, served with hord-cooked ego and cherry tomotoes (7), make a sotistying low-fat breakfast. Canned fish (8) provides protein in a number of forms: cod roe påté from Norwoy in the round can, Porthyuges mackerel fillets in the voul can and sordines in the other two. Rice plus smoked or fresh fish equois an Anglo-Indian dish called ked-geree (9) which just needs heating in the marnings. And even the most reluctant breakfast-eater will enjoy a Chinest-sylve soup (10) of chicken and noodles.

#### ISRAFI.

Breakfast Israelii-style could give U.S. short-order mothers o break. Set out bread, fish, chesse and raw vegetables and let the family help themselves in their own time. From the left: cruachly raditise, hard-cooked eggs, februjo (opputr drained in cheesecloth) topped with olive oil and green onions, and marinated herring. In the lazy Susan are colamato alives, cottage cheese and three Israeli cheeses. Shredded corrots in orange juice, bagels and rye bread and a pitcher of fresh orange juice complete the meal.





#### IAPAN

Sitting on a tatami mat, a Japanese might start his day with a pink, pickled umeboshi plum, joltingly sour. He then could contemplate a meal of rice, sprinkled with dried seaweed and topped with a raw egg yalk. Broited fish might replace the egg as protein. The pungent yellow pickled radish at right contrasts with the bland rice. Another favorite is miso soup (beneath the fish), thick with saybean paste, bean curd, waten (a kind of seaweed) and sliced vegetables.

#### **RUSSIA**

The term for "breakfast" in Russian is "morning coffee," although most Russians take tea with milk or hot chocolate as their breakfast beverage. The meal is in two stages. The first revolves around the bread basket, with dark, light, sweet or cheesy kinds, served with unsalted butter and

sour cherry preserves. There may also be cheese and soft-boiled eggs, Blinis—tiny pancakes here made out of buckwheat flour—are another favorite, served with smoked fish. At work later on, there's suapuly a boked cereal dish of kash, bulgur or borley, like the raisin-studded one shown here. The tart red kissel souce, fruit syrup thickened with potatol flour, is spooned over in uphtickened with potatol flour, is spooned over in





#### **ETHIOPIA**

Folded here in triangles, injero is Ethiopio's national bread. It's a flat, sourdough bread usually made with teff, a high-grade millet flour, and finds a use at every meal. Each member of the family tears off a piece and uses it to scoop up red-peoper hot, spicy stews, called wat, of meat ar chicken. At breakfast, or an fast days, the wat, at here, is offen of chick-past in a sauce of split peas. Iab, a cheese resembling Greek leta, and dark, rich Ethiopian haney with small cusps of strong black caffee are also served.





#### **GERMANY**

A fovorite hangover breakfast in Germany consists of herring with sour cream, grated fresh harseradish (the gnarled root atop the grater), sousages and Westphalian ham. Breakfast is so popular in Germany that many people eat more than one. For starters, there are crisp little rolls or ye and dark breads, like those shown at right with a dish of butter balls. These are often accompanied by boiled eggs, sliced ham, cheese and cold cuts. To ease 10 o'clock hunger pangs, Germans indulge themselves in a meat sandwich, with a glass of wine instead of coffiee. Hangover or not, however, herring and sour cream makes a areal saulch breakfast in no time at lall.







#### **IRELAND**

Above are the roads of the traditional American breakfast; eggs, usually fried, served with fried bread ar patataes and thick slices of lean smaked bocan—not cooked crisp U.S.-style. A bowl of hot oalmeal porridge with reams starts the meal; tea with milk, brown bread, sweet butter and rich, brown, bitter marmalade fill up any gaps. Thus fed, one can face the worst weether, traffic jam, disgruntled teacher or cratchety bass.

#### **MEXICO**

The green dish at right holds the Yucatanian version of huevas rancheros—eggs ranch-style—a Mexican national dish. On a fried tortilla are piled refried beans, a fried egg and a cobwebdispelling tomata chili sauce. The frathy beverage is made from a bor of chacolate compressed with sugar and cinnaman whisped together with hot milk. Fresh fruits, such as pineaple, papaya and manga, are a good way to begin.

#### **WEST AFRICA**

In the rectangular dish at left is an Ivery Coast breakfast. Coaked, mashed and seasoned traplical yams are first browned in the oven. Eggs are then broken into previously made hallows, drizzled with pain oil for use butter) and baked until they are set. Hat cereal in West Africa often means millet fin the round two-handled dish), served with curds and whey and brown sugar. In the round dish is a flipped anelet filled with tamatoes, peppers and hot both peppers.



#### Breakfasts with fuel and flair for your family

Perhaps one reason why so many people wind up eating inadequate breakfasts has to do with the food now traditionally associated with the meal. Cold cereals are easier to serve, but hunger pangs tend to return fast. Bacon and eggs, though delicious and nutritionally useful, turn the breakfast-maker into a hard-working short-order cook-and, besides, bacon is a very highfat, expensive way to eat protein. There is a lot of room for novelty. If parents can refrain from showing their own ingrained inhibitions, most children are delighted to eat something new for breakfast—our Chinese chicken noodle soup, for instance. Cold lean meat, cold chicken or turkey, even a meat stew-all can make speedy breakfasts, and good ones, too, when served with bread and fruit or vegetables. For those who want to avoid the morning short-order chore almost entirely, we offer a bonus: some of the following recipes are prepared the day before and need only to be heated in the morning.

#### Oeufs sur le Plat

and a slice of Swiss cheese in samell, shallow baking dish. Fold the cheese slice in half. Break an egg over the ham and cheese and sprinkle with a few grains of sall. Bake 12 minutes in 350° F. oven until the egg is just set. Or, instead of individual dishes, you can cook several portions at once in a large baking dish.

#### Kedgeree

The day before, bring 2 cups of water to ball in a heavy pan Sifir in 1 cup both to be to be the second to be the between the best to be the

through for about 20 minutes; stir with fork once or twice. Serve topped with chives. Makes almost 6 cups, serves 4–6

#### Baked Eggs for a Crowd

The a muffin pan (the Teflon-coated kind is said to several custor dups. Into each piece (about a third of a behievand or light cream and a small put a teaspoon of hight cream and a small put a teaspoon of the said of a behievand of the first of a more coate of the muffin pan or cups into a 325° F. oven for 10 minutes to heal. Then break one large egg into each pan or cups sprinkle with salt and peppers. Bake 15-20 minutes more until the whites ore just set. Remove from oven and let stand for 2 minutes before removine agas with spathla.

#### Chinese Chicken Noodle Soup

ne or two days before you plan to serve, cut through one side of the backbone of a 2½-lb. chicken. Open the chicken and flatten it slightly by pressing on the breastbone with your hand. Place the chicken in a large saucep



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should save for something else), 6 cups water ond 2 teaspoons sall. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer slowly for 1 hour. Let cool in broth. With fingers, remove and discard the skin and bones from the chicken. Break the meet into big chunks and set aside. Refrigerate both the meet and the both (you should have about 4 cups) overnight.

In the morning, bring the brath to a bail. Add 1 cup of sliced fresh muthrooms and 1½ cups of frozen peas. Simmer 5 minutes. Add 3–4 cups of cooked spaghetini or fine noodles, or even Josanese soba noodles, and the chicken meat. Text You'll probably want to add 1 teaspoon soll. Makes about 9 cups.

#### Cornmeal and Whole Wheat Pancakes

n a bowl, mix one envelope dry yeastl with  $\frac{1}{3}$  kin up work. Let stand 3-5 minutes. Sift in 1½ cup unstulphured molasses, ½ the spoon salt, 2 large eage, ½ cup mill, 1 cup yel-low commetal and 1 cup whole wheat flaur. When smooth, stir in onther ½ cup mill, 1 cum instrust stand for 20 minutes before using, Or cover and terrilagrade overnight; you can use better straight from refrigerate overnight; you can use better straight from refrigeration or in the morning. Heat griddle or in can stilled, filling in twery lightly with butter or oil. Pour ¼ cup batter of a time onto the grid-die. When bubbles form and breads on the sur-

face, turn the pancakes over. Cook about 1 minute longer. Serve with butter ond honey. Delicious complements, if you wish (and you're not

on a low-fat diet): sausage and fried apple rings. For the best possible nutritional value from these pancakes, use undegermed yellow cornmeal and unbromated whole wheat flour. You may need to go to a natural or health food store to find them.

Recipe makes 2½ cups of batter, enough for 10 five-inch pancokes.

#### Cold Cereal

ix together in a bowl 1/4 cup of molasses and 1/4 cup say oil or corn ail. Add to the mixture one box (1 paund 2 ounces) oldfashioned oats. 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 cup of soy granules, which you can obtain at a store selling natural ar health foods. With hands, work the oil and molasses into the oats (like rubbing shortening into flour for pie crust). The oats will break down somewhat, but otherwise nothing dramatic will take place. When you feel it's all well mixed (after 3-5 minutes), turn the mixture into a large baking pan. Roughly chop 3/3 cup of almonds (skins on) and sprinkle over the mixture. Bake in 250° F. oven for 40-60 minutes until crisp and lightly browned; stir or shake once or twice. Let mixture cool, then stare in airtight container. Use as you would any cold cereal and serve with

milk and fruit. Oats have more protein than rice, wheat or corn; the soybean granules will upgrade the protein quality as will the milk eaten with the cereal.

#### Black Beans with Eggs

atart a day or two ahead. Wash 1½ cups black beans. Soak in enough water to cover them for at least 8 hours in the refriaerator (up to 24 hours won't hurt). Bring to a boil and simmer covered for 1-11/4 hours, until just tender. Add 1 teaspaon salt, cook 5 minutes longer, Refrigerate until morning. At breakfast time, turn the beans plus any liquid into a skillet. As they heat, mash about one-quarter of them with a fork. When the beans are a thick bubbling mass, stir in 1 cup diced mild cheddar cheese. Turn off heat. Let stand a minute while cheese melts, then stir again. Serve beans with a half or a whole hard-cooked egg per person. The proper way to hard-cook eggs that are taken straight from the icebox is to put them into a pan of cold water, bring to boil and simmer for 10 minutes. Pour off the water, and fill the pan immediately with cold water to stop the eggs cooking and to let you handle them while peeling. Recipe will serve 4 to 6 people.

ELIZABETH LANSING



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#### The ad your grandparents wouldn't let your parents read.



strikes in the dark, and adds two out of every thirteen deaths to his score

Just so long as men and women, and boys and ords approaching maturity, are ot taught to recognize the cruelest of

all foes to health and happiness-just so long will many lives be utterly wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant poison is steadily and sure-

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses it may mask as then and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a form of eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble. practically no organic disease the symptoms of which it does not simulate. No wonder it is called "The Great

The Great Imitator

It is the imperative duty of each mandesirous of protecting his own health— and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children to know its direct and indirect results.

Syphilis is responsible for more miss of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its ulcers leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood yessels, abdominal organs -and most tragic of all are its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in ness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis and insanity-a

hie-long tragedy. Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly imposed upon and hood-winked by quacks, charlatans and

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or

improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physi-cians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor.

After the disease has been allowed to
progress beyond the first stages, cures less certain, but a great deal can

often be done to help chronic sufferers. Men and women should learn the truth and tell it in

plain language to those dependent upon them for education and guidance. It is a helpful sign that the best educators deplore the old habit of secrecy and urge wide-spread knowledge and frank instruction



reling to Government statistics, the hs of 200,000 Americans, each year, directly caused by syphilis and asse-d diseases. But thousands of deaths ged to other causes are acqually due

HALEY FISKE, Po

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insutance in force, Mote new Insutance each year

The year was 1927. And Americans were getting syphilis, a venereal disease that was sweeping the country.

But no one talked about it. They would just get it, and maybe die from it. Or end up a cripple.

So, the following year, we at Metropolitan Life ran a national advertisement about syphilis and

By 1928 standards, the ad was shockingly direct. Not for children's eyes. Syphilis was a dirty word, but there it was in print. At the time, 185,000 Americans

had contracted the disease. In fact, it had become an epidemic.

Right now, we're in the middle of another epidemic. It's estimated that almost two and a half million people have VD, either

So we've written a booklet on the subject.

syphilis or gonorrhea. It's not just another boring

booklet telling you VD is bad. It's filled with answers to blunt questions like these: If I kiss a person, can I get syphilis? How would I ever know if I had VD? Can I go to a doctor for treatment without his telling my parents?

If your parents or friends don't know much about VD or you're too embarrassed to ask, write for the booklet. It's called "Facts you should know about VD, but probably don't."

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We'll make sure your request is kept confidential. So no one will have to know anything about it. Except you.



We sell life insurance. But our business is life.

#### TV re-creates a historic quest

## SEARCH FOR THE NILE



## Hero of the series: a fabulous adventurer and scholar



Kenneth Haigh (left), playing Burton, gets wounded in Somalia. Below, a photograph shows Burton himself in his tent in East Africa during his search for the Nile. Right, Frederick Leighton's portrait of Burton at 55 shows the swarred cheek. Conscious of his looks, Burton begged Leighton: "Please don't make me upty, don't."



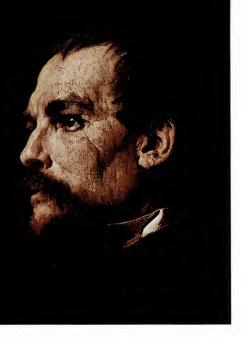
or other explorers the search for the source of the Nile was a career; for Richard Burtonit was nervey; an episode in a life filled with perilous adventures, bizarre experiences and arcane scholarship. In fact the BBC series dwells on Burton far beyond his brief involvement in the Nile search, surrendering to the same fascination that Burton aroused in his own times.

Button was already a legend before he went Nile-hunting at the age of 35. Four years earlier he had gone to Mecca disguised as a derevish and penetrated into the holiest, as a derevish and penetrated into the holiest, which was a derevish and penetrated into the holiest will be the mean instant death. He had visited the forbidden city of Harra; in Abpassin, where no infined European had ever ventured before. And he had spent seven years in the Indian army, part of the time acting as a master spy, sitting cross-legged in the bazars of Sind dissuised as a mercal specific services of the specific services of the servi

Burton had a flair for mimicry and a phenomenal gift for languages. He had developed a system that enabled him to learn a new language in two months, and during his life he mastered more than 40 different tangues and dialects. Once, he even tried to learn the language of monkeys. In India he kept 30 of them and seated them at his table; among them was a particularly pretty and silky-looking female whose ears he adorned with pearls, and whom he called his wife.

Stories like this, along with a rumor about a clinically detailed report on the male brothels of Karachi which got him fired from the Indian army, followed Burton everywhere. His lurid reputation was matched by his buccaneer looks. Burton was tall and built like a prizefighter. His face was bronzed and scarred from an African spear wound. He had "questing, panther eyes," in the words of a friend. He radiated "tremendous animalism. an air of repressed ferocity." He was a practiced hypnotist, an expert swordsman and a spellbinding raconteur. Even people who were put off by his brooding expression, his truculent manner and his penchant for shocking couldn't fail to be impressed by his brilliant conversation. When he spoke, wrote an acquaintance, "fancy seemed to run riot ... and the whole world of thought seemed to flame with gorgeous color." Horrified mothers might lock up their daughters when Richard Burton was in the vicinity, but his biting wit and his incredible fund of exotic lore made him a sought-after guest in some of the most distinguished homes in England.

Behind Burton's flamboyant exterior lay the soul of a scholar. In the most hair-raising situations he meticulously observed and recorded events. At Mecca, under the eyes of suspicious guards, he unobtrusively measured the dimensions of the sanctuary and sketched them on his pilgrim's gown. Wherever he went, Burton filled copious notebooks with data on languages and customs, fatum and flora, climate and geography, and satisfacts on industry and commerce. He then and more than 40 thick volumes, some of which, like his Pilgrimage to El-Metinah and Meccah and Lake Regions of Central Africa



(the account of his Nile expedition), became classics of travel literature. Many of his works were also pioneer studies in the infant science of anthropology.

In his writings, as in his life, Burton kept up a private war with Victorian prudery. He wrote detailed accounts of outlandish sexual customs, and translated and annotated classics of erotica like the Kama Sutra and his unexpurgated version of the Arabian Nights-famous for its racy footnotes. But Burton was equally fascinated by cruelty and torture-a preoccupation that went bevond mere scientific curiosity or desire to shock. One of his fervent admirers and closest companions was the poet Algernon Swinburne, who was a flagellant. Burton also kept in touch with a sinister young Englishman in Paris whose specialty was collecting human skins. "Poor old Hankey," wrote Burton from Africa, "I did so want to get him a human hide . . . and I failed." In contrast, Burton's wife, Isabel Arundell, whom he married after a notably unfervent courtship when he was 39 years old, was a Victorian lady, plain, proper and devoted, with whom he had a curiously sexless and matter-of-fact relationship.

Not that Burton was often around. His wanderlusk lept him constantly on the move. No sooner had he returned from Abyssinia 1855 than he made his first try for the Nile; but the expedition was aborted on the coast of Somalia, where a native attack left him wandering around the beach for hours with a spear through his face. Three months later, fully recovered, Burton was fighting as a volunteer in the Crimean War, riding with a band of Turkish horsemen called the Bashin Bazouks. In December 1856, he was back in Africa to start out on the fateful expedition with John Hanning Speles which is portrayed

in the BBC series. It ended 27 months later in a bitter humilitation for Burton, Both men had been reduced to extremes of sickness and exhaustion during a thousand-mile march to Lake Tanganyika, which Burton was sure was the source of the Nile. But while Burton was resting up during the homeward trek, Speke, who had recovered his health faster, marched north on his own and discovered Lake Victoria, which he immediately proclaimed—and was subsequently proved—to be the actual source of the Nile.

A year later, disgusted by the publicity Speke's claims were receiving and by the belittling of his own, Burton was on the other side of the world, bouncing in a stagecoach across the U.S. on his way to Salt Lake City. There he hobnobbed with Brigham Young, made himself an expert on Mormon polygamy, and outwitted gangs of outlaws and warring Indians to cross the snowy Sierras safely and reach the coast. For the next three years the scene shifts back to Africa, this time to the steamy jungles of the Atlantic coast, where we find Burton climbing the unexplored Cameroon Mountains, hunting for gorillas and cannibals up the Gabon River, and witnessing the ritual human mass sacrifices in Dahomey, where he danced a jig with the blood-splattered king, who drank to his health from a fresh human skull. In 1868, by then 47 years old, he was in South America, and spent Christmas Day fleeing for his life from hostile tribes high in the Andes during a lonely and ghastly expedition across the continent.

Burton himself often wondered what kept him going, haggard with exhaustion and prostrated with sickness as he was for much of the time. "Starting in a hollowed log of wood," he wrote home from the Congo, "some thousand miles up a river, with an infinitesimal prospect of returning! I ask myself "Why?" and the only echo is, 'damned fooll... the Devil dirvise."

et for all his energy and abilities, and his many discoveries and contributions to science and literature, Burton never won the recognition he felt he deserved. Like all true romantics. he felt ill at ease with himself; "Men who go seeking the source of a river," he wrote of his Nile expedition, "are usually searching for something missing in themselves." He was also irredeemably at odds with his time; and in his case, his time won a curious and bitter revenge. In the city of Trieste, where he spent the last quiet 18 years of his life as British consul, Burton devoted most of his time to translations. One of them was The Scented Garden, a massive anthology of Arab erotic lore, which Burton regarded as his crowning literary achievement. He was still working on it when he died in 1890, at the age of 69. But he was no sooner gone than Isabel gathered up the manuscript, along with more than 40 years' accumulation of Burton's explicit travel diaries, and piously burned nearly every one.

EDWARD KERN

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#### PARTING SHOTS

#### A J.F.K. impersonator tries to be a funny man again

One minor footnote to the tragedy of President Kennedy's death was the disappearance of funnyman Vaughn Mesder. As the uncanny impersonstor of the President's Boston Irish sccent, Meader had appeared on countless TV shows and had made a comedy album, The First Family, which sold a record five million copies in one year,

He learned of the assassination as he stenned off a plane in Milwaukee and a cabble asked: "Did you hear Kennedy was shot?" Unbelieving, Meader instinctively replied with a gratuitous one-liner: "No, but how does it go?" It was hia last Kennedy Joke.

Now, eight years later, Meader la back with a atrange new comedy album, The Second Coming, about Christ's return in these days of rock concerts. Hollywood agents and superatars.

Behind the album lies a bizarre

tale of where Vsughn Meader has been since November 1963.

He was 26 then, with \$500,000 in the bank. He had, in fact, been trying to extricate himself from the Kennedy sct for some time. But his return to nightcluba was a bust and he bagan drinking. In two years the bank account was zero.

'Turn on, tune in and drop out," Meader says. "That's just what I did." He dabbled in Eastern religions

and witchcraft, experimentad with LSD, became a Yippie, ratrasted to a Bronx apartment and finally to s tepee in the Californis redwoods to meditate. In Los Angeles he was so broke he acrounged food from back-alley garbage cana. He hit rock bottom one night in Chicago. He was mugged and, falling unconscious to the gutter, he had a horrible vision of his own death





Vaughn Meader as Kennedy (left, in 1962) and at home today

He apeaks of himself often in the third person now. "Vaughn Meader had become totally empty, psychically and spiritually. That night he was no more. A new person appeared."

That new person can best be deacribed as an aging Jesus freak. Out of the Old Testament, he plucked an obscure high priest named Melchizedek and adopted him as his spiritual forebesr. He sava his new record is a serious statement about the meaning of Christ today. But when radio ststions play it, a flood of complaints about ascrilage usually follows. Unperturbed, Meader says, "My Jesus has a great sense of

Now 35, he recently married a young Kentucky girl and they live in a Greenwich Village loft.

"The old Vaughn Meader was a ailk-auit phony," he says. "He had no values, and his idea of s good time was to get drunk. The new Vaughn Meader was chosen to say 'Jesus is here now' because he has nothing to lose. A dum-dum like me-that's the real joke."

THOMAS MOORE

#### I. F. Stone retires to a tough new job

At the end of nearly every monater movie, there is a moment when the sheriff says sadly of the mad doctor: "If only he had choaen to work for good. With a mind like his, there's no telling what he might have . . ." It is my strong hunch that more than one government official muttered something like that upon hearing that I. F. Stone had ceased to publish his Weekly. Since 1953 Stone's fourpage menu-sized monster had roved the Washington countryaide, Isving waste to whole hamlets of bureaucrats with the weapon they feared most: facts. Over the years, his enemies tried just about everything except silver bulleta and oaken stakes to kill the Weekly, including threats and exclusion from official briefings. Last month age succeeded in doing what his victims had failed to do. At 64, after 19 years of the kind of reporting that would have got him shot for inciting to treason in other times or countries, Izzy Stone put out hia farewell issue.

Like most publications, Izzy's paper had a formula-simple, insidious and devastating, Izzy took the politicians and burequerate seriously. He filed away copious notes on what they said they were going to do, and pulled out the notes when they had done it. What low audscity! What stamins! Washington, after all, produces milliona of words and Izzy, working all by himself, seemed to manage to sift through most of them. The result was, as Bertrand Russell put it for all us subscribers in s fan note, "alwaya something that I am glad to know and that I do not find elsewhere." (A recent exsmple: Stone was first to obtain details of the Kent State shootings from secret FBI reports).

Izzy covered Washington with the zeal of a cub-but with humor never cynicism. I was allowed a glimpse of his technique a few yeara ago-but only after I had weathered that growly barrage with which Izzy fends off writers he suspects are out to paint him as some cuddly and harmless teddy bear of the Left. With me in tow. Izzy hiked all over Washington in search of the official documenta which he studied as meticulously as any code-crecker. (A hearing handicap, aince cured, made interviewa difficult.) He did make detoura on Capitol Hill to see old friends like ex-Senator Ernest Gruening, his editor on the New York Post who had become a comrade in the lonely struggle to awaken the country to the folly of Vietnam. With people like Gruening he relaxed, but toward most others who ran the nation. and a good many of the men

who wrote about them, Izzy could only be wary.

After those millions of words read, and thousands written, and the gap between promise and deed in Washington atill yawning wide, he refuses to be disheartened. "I tell people to take the long view," he says. "Remember that when Moses came down from Mount Sinai, the race had advanced far enough by then that it was not neceasary to have a commandment about cannibalism.

Muttered charges that his paper aided and abetted the enemy left him unfazed. As a young reporter in New Jersay he had vowed 'not to join in those stale surrenders which are called the practical realities of the world." He delighted in his material success too. The paper sent his three children through Ivy League schools, bought him a fine home in Washington. Now here he was, a veteran of the McCarthy era, proud to say he was not only the last radical journalist left in the capital, but also the last successful capitalist. His papar, ao denounced by enemiea aa a leftist rag, was, Izzy said mildly, "really a solid enterprise run elong good, old-fsahloned bourgeola lines." With himself as editor and publisher and his wife. Esther, in charge of the business side, the Weekly was, Izzy bragged, "the journaliatic aquivalent of the old-fashioned Jewish momma-and-poppa grocery store: my wife at one end of the table and me at the other, putting the paper out." I. F. Stone has now taken on a

tough new beat: himself. Out of study and introspection, he hopes, will come a book and regular articles for the New York Review of Books, "I think that if I can last I will become a good writer," he said in his newly bare Washington office one recant day. "I've been practicing scales all my life, and if I give myself time and leisure I can do something of real value -and make it beautiful."

JOHN NEARY

Editor Stone in his Washington office





# Time for a swim, Annie— are you too tied up?







If little Annie Laurie Alexander drops in some day and wanta to play in your awimming pool, be sure to ask just what she has in mind. Then warn the neighbors. And finally fix yourself a cup of atrong coffee, or a drink. For 2-year-old Annie's favorite trick these days is to get her hands and feet tied up anugly in a style made popular by the Mafia, and then plunge to the bottom of a deep body of water. The mere thought is enough to frighten grownups out of their wits. Not Annie. She flashes a soggy smile, gurglea s little, wriggles out of the ropes and pops to the surface like a cork. Totally fearless of water since the age of aix weeks, Annie was taught the trick by Crystal Scarborough (left), a Los Angelea awimming instructor who wanted to show handicapped children that breath control and self-confidence are more important in the water than full use of arms and legs. Annie first learned to until hersalf on dry land, then began in the pool with just one rope, loosely tied. The baby Houdini has now worked up to eight ropes each on hands and faet, all secured with double knots, and she has so expanded her lung capacity that she can stay underwater picking at those knots for as long as two full minutes.









## Unexpected lapse in tennis etiquette

The spectator on the sidelines of a sports event has always risked a dandy bruising for his better view of the action. Prizefighters regularly send one another sprawling bloodily onto the heads of ringside ticketholders, and the more limber wrestlers can loft opponents as far as the second or third row. First baseman diva into the box seats, hockey players clamber into the stands after hecklers, and it's a rare football game that does not feature a 220-pound running back cannonballing through photographers, TV technicians and sideline officials. Perhaps only in the game of tennis had the courtside observer been spared unseemly physical contact. But then came the Australian Open in Melbourne last month. Wimbledon champion John Newcombe thundered after a hard crosacourt return and ran headlong into line judge Tony Govars, who was, of course, aitting down at the time. Newcombe was uninjured and the startled Govers suffered nothing more serious than a dislocated hat, which he quickly put back on the nearest headnot, as it happened, his own.



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